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O'ER THE SEA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY NELLIE A. MANN.

Ten years ago in the breezy June,
My sailor boy stood with me,
In the quiet hush of this moon-lit room,
Looking out o'er the gleaming sea.

Ten years ago he pressed my hand,
And clasped me close to his breast;
Ten years, and again do I stand
Peering out thro' the shadowy west.

For a glimpse of his ship's white sails to see,
For the gleam of my sailor boy's eyes,
For the ship with its joyful freight for me,
But nothing but mists arise.

Looking through tears, and day after day
Noble ships ride over the main,
I see them safe in the harbor lie,
But my sailor boy comes not again.

O, tell me, moon, lighting up the deep sea,
Canst thou see the gleam of his brow?
As thro' his dark locks the winds wander free,
O! where is my sailor boy now?

Does he lie 'neath thy moaning waves so deep?
O! answer me, whispering sea,
As by thy blue waves my lone watch I keep,
Will my sailor return unto me?

Mindon, Wis.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "ARTIST'S BRIDE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," ETC.

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CHAPTER VI.

IN JEST OR IN EARNEST?

Orange Ville, as Mr. Prescott had christened his lovely retreat, occupied a small table of land on one of the hills which I have before mentioned as overlooking the picturesque city; but the dwelling stood back about central way of this level; and the heavy shade-trees around, on all sides, so completely embowered it, that a distant prospect could only be had by ascending to its roof, or going westward about a hundred rods, to where the hill took a more abrupt descent to the town and the bay. Here he had built an arbor, over which trailed vines, and flowers, and a kind of long, fine, silver moss, and all in such rank profusion as to exclude the hot rays of a tropical sun, and render the place dark and cool even in the light and heat of midday.

On, parting the thick and sweetly-scented foliage, I looked off upon a bright sheet of tranquil water, which glistened in the light of the declining sun like an immense plate of burnished steel. Some half-a-dozen vessels, here and there, were quietly riding at anchor not far from the shore—their tapering spars so clearly reflected in the glassy sheet below, that one could not readily separate the shadow from the substance—while some three or four small boats were flashing silver lights from their steadily dipping oars. Yonder rose a fort upon a small island; bold headlands marked an uneven coast and faded out into the dim distance; while, far away over the bright waters, could faintly be discerned the blue hills of Gonave.

Nearer, almost immediately below us, situated on low, level land, was the capital of Hayti, the city of Port-au-Prince, with its quadrangular streets, and white, wooden buildings; the lofty palace, with its Champ de Mars in the rear—the Cathedral, from which had floated up to me that solemn strain of music as I lay in my dreamy, mystic state, not knowing of which world I was an inhabitant—the Mint, the Courts, the Lyceum, the Military Hospital, and the two landward fortifications, Forts Belair and Alexandre—each presenting a salient point in the view—and all together forming one of those picturesque scenes which make an indelible impression upon the locality of the mind.

But aside from the first pleasing view which the town presented, it sadly wanted the bustling life of our Northern cities. The apathy of a tropical clime seemed to reign supreme over all the walks of man. But few persons were stirring in the streets, and these moved as if walking in a funeral procession; while sentinels, wherever stationed, could be seen *seated* at their posts. Rank, wild vegetation overrun the neighboring country—here and there were the ruins of a dwelling—and nothing like thrifty cultivation could be traced as far as the eye could reach. Situated upon the adjoining hills, near the town, were a few pretty cottages, peeping out from the deep green foliage which was everywhere so abundant; while one edifice, standing more boldly to the view, presented its lofty colonnade with something like architectural grandeur.

"Have you pleasant neighbors?" I inquired of my fair companion; "because, if not, notwithstanding the loveliness of this balmy clime, I think I should prefer my colder home of the North."

"We have pleasant neighbors indeed," she replied; "but they are mostly foreigners, residing in the cottages you see upon the hills. They mingle little with the natives, or real citizens—for they have a pride of caste, which will not permit them to consider a black or mulatto an equal, much less a superior, as some of the latter, by virtue of office, assume to be."

"Are you not a native of the island?"

"I was born in Port-au-Prince, but of French parents; I have no African blood in my veins."

"Nay, Corina, do not construe my question into an insult!"

"I do not understand you!"

"Would it not be an insult for me to suppose you tainted with negro blood?"

"Oh, bless you, no—not in Hayti!"

"You are laughing at me?"

"Not at all. The laws of your country have been reversed here since the revolution—for whereas a black cannot be a citizen there, a white cannot be here."

"Is this true?"

"Too true, Mr. Laurens; and so you see we poor whites are the aliens. Do you see that small building just beyond the church, which stands alone, near the side of the hill, and looks as if going to decay?"

"I think I do."

"Well, in that dwelling, when the monster Dessalines was in power, resided a Frenchman and a mulatto, who were on terms of intimacy. The mulatto, for some reason, asserted his claim to citizenship, and Dessalines, hearing of it, ordered his aide-de-camp to put him to such a test as would prove him worthy of the honor. And what do you think that test was, Mr. Laurens?"

"I cannot guess."

"He and his friend, the Frenchman, were placed in a room together, and he was ordered to stab the latter to the heart, on pain of death and confiscation of his property!"

"Good heavens! And did he do it?"

"He did, and won the honor of citizenship. Oh, I could tell you such tales of horror as would freeze your blood! and yet stand here and point out the very scenes where the crimes were enacted! But let us change the subject! Do you observe that splendid mansion on the hill opposite?"

"The one with the colonnade?"

"The same. Well, that is the private residence of General Petion, our President."

"And is he a monster too?"

"Oh, no! he bears a very good reputation, comparatively speaking; and under his Government we poor whites have as good a chance of life as the blacks, which is saying much for Hayti. But no one is safe in a country where the intrigues of some ambitious aspirant may produce a revolution at any moment; and it is only four years since Port-au-Prince was besieged by Christophe—or Henry I., as he is now styled."

"Is General Petion a negro?" inquired I.

"His father was a French jeweller, named Sabez—but his mother, I have been told, was of mixed blood. By-the-by, he has a very pretty daughter; and if you are ambitious, I would advise you to cultivate her acquaintance, and endeavor to form an alliance with one of our first families, as your countrymen say."

"And do you really advise me to this?" said I, looking her steadily in the eye, and placing a marked emphasis on the pronoun.

"Why not?" she replied, slightly changing color, and turning aside with a laugh. "By a revision of the Constitution of Hayti, which has just been promulgated, General Petion is now elected President for life, with power to name his successor; and what more probable than that he would name so worthy a son-in-law as yourself? I declare, how delightful it would be, to go tripping down to the Palace, and say, 'Your Excellency,' to my poor, devoted poet!"

"And then, you know, if you should happen to be married to one of my *black* officers, I could advance him to the first post of honor," returned I, gravely. "Upon my word, I rather like your plan; and if your are on terms of intimacy with Mademoiselle Petion, I beg you to use your distinguished influence in my behalf, and press the affair to a speedy conclusion!"

"In other words, do all the labor and let you reap the reward!" she rejoined, with a slight pout. "Really, sir, I confess I think you hold my services too cheaply."

"Nay, if you succeed, you shall name your own price."

"Then you really wish to send me as Embassadress to the Court of Hymen, with plenipotentiary powers?"

"Why, as you are deeply interested in my success, I know of no one I could better trust."

"And so you will attempt to make love by proxy?"

"Oh, no! if there is any *love* to be made, I will attend to that in person—I could not think of entrusting so important a matter to a deputy."

"Considering your success heretofore, who can blame you?" she replied, with a meaning smile, that again brought the blood to my face.

"I see you know my secret," returned I, "for which, I suppose, I may thank my friend Forbes."

"Nay, rather thank the sea-chest, which so disturbed your cerebrum as to cause you to rave continually of Alice Staunton!" she laughed. "Dear me! how *could* she treat you so?"

"Like all of her sex," said I, "she angled for a gold-fish."

"And having caught a gudgeon, she threw him back into his native element!" rejoined my companion, with a merry peal of laughter—in which, however, permit me to observe, confidentially, I took no active part. "Now is it really true," she continued, mischievously, "that you do know how to make love?"

"Suppose you put me to the test, and be your own judge!"

"With all my heart!" she laughed. "Come—begin now!"

"Certainly, with one proviso!"

"Name it!"

"That you will not think me in earnest!"

It was her turn to blush now—but she quickly rejoined:

"And if I were to think you in earnest, it would only be to regret the time misspent and talents thrown away."

"Which makes a very pretty sentence, but I fear is not true, nevertheless!" said I. "However, as I believe, after what has passed, you will *pretend* to be love-proof, even if you are not, I will begin. Know then, most lovely and adorable Corina," I continued, seizing her hand, and speaking in a low, passionate tone, "that hitherto it has never been my good fortune to meet with one so every way calculated to make me happy! While lying upon a bed of pain, racked by a burning fever, unconscious of the objective or external things of time, you came to me as a something sweet and holy from another world, and in your presence my troubled soul found rest, and I was happy! And when, awaking to a knowledge of my condition, I looked into your sweet face and dark eyes, and knew you and myself to be mortal, I felt that strange thrill of rapture which assured me that we were born for each other! Yes, my dear Corina, in that never-to-be forgotten moment I felt I loved you—from that moment—"

I had proceeded thus far, and my fair companion, with face averted, was fairly trembling—though whether from suppressed laughter, or some serious emotion, I could not say—when suddenly, with a slight exclamation, she sprung away from me, darted out of the arbor, and quickly disappeared in the surrounding shrubbery, leaving me not a little puzzled as to the cause of her flight, and, if I might be permitted to judge from the peculiar tingling and burning of my face, looking not a little foolish.

I was not long kept in doubt as to the cause of her abrupt departure—for on turning around, I perceived my friend, Curry Maitland, a few paces distant, leaning against the trunk of a tree, whose drooping foliage completely shaded his face.

Supposing him to be secretly laughing at me, and that he would soon attack me with a whole battery of wit and a running fire of ridicule, I at once fortified myself for the assault, and advanced as quickly as I could to where he was standing; but the moment I got a fair view of his features, I started with surprise and alarm. His face was ghastly pale; his lips were white and quivering; there was a contraction of the brows and a contortion of the muscles; his eyes seemed to glare; his fingers worked convulsively, and there was a peculiar trembling of his whole frame. It was plainly evident that he was suffering great pain, either mental or physical, and I lost no time in addressing him.

"My dear friend," cried I, "what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing!" he gasped, clutching at his throat, as if suffocating.

The next moment he turned, with something like a groan, and darted away like a madman, down the steep side of the hill. In my weak state I could not follow him, and to my repeated calls to him to stop he made no reply.

At this juncture Forbes joined me, and I hurriedly informed him of the mysterious conduct of Maitland. He seemed to take no notice of the communication, however, but entered the arbor, sat down, and drew a long breath. I now observed, for the first time, that he was very pale, and apparently laboring under some unusual excitement.

"In Heaven's name," said I, "what is the matter with you and Curry?"

He did not reply to my question, but sat silent for about a minute, and then said abruptly:

"Ned, I congratulate you on your first appearance in the open air! Be prudent, and you will soon be well! Count de Routh has just received a letter from General Mina. Everything has gone well with him, and he was to sail from Baltimore about the last of this month. Ere this, it may be, he has embarked. He knows nothing of our disaster; and as our vessel is rapidly undergoing repairs, it will probably be ready for sea by the time he arrives. Our stay here, I trust, will not be unnecessarily prolonged; and the sooner the order comes to re-embark, the sooner will this painful suspense be ended."

The last sentence seemed spoken rather to himself than me, and I inquired what he meant.

"Ned," he replied, with a grave, solemn look, "I regret to say that I have become involved in a quarrel with Captain Moreno. You know I never liked him—a haughty, overbearing, Spanish knave! We met to-day in a French café—over a faro table. He had been drinking, was in a very quarrelsome humor, and took occasion to insult me. I struck him—he challenged me—and we are to fight on the eve of our departure, in order that those concerned may escape any unpleasant consequences from the action of the Haytian officials. We are to meet on the beach, about half-a-mile from the town, with two friends apiece, a surgeon, and a boat in waiting. Maitland, who was with me at the time, arranged the preliminaries with a friend of Moreno, and I need not add that my other friend is yourself. Oh! I forgot to mention that our weapons are to be pistols—which, as the challenged party, I chose—and by which I hope to render my chance as good as his—though, as a swordsman, he is greatly my superior."

"My dear friend," said I, "I am very sorry to hear this."

"Well, Ned, it cannot be helped now. I would to Heaven, though, it were over! for so long an interval of suspense is very unpleasant, to say the least."

"Indeed, this is gloomy news!" returned I, with no little depression of spirits. "And can this have so affected Maitland?"

"What do you mean?" he inquired, in a tone of surprise.

"If you have not heard anything I have been saying, perhaps I had better repeat it."

"I beg your pardon, Ned, for my abstraction, and plead guilty of inattention."

I accordingly repeated what I had told him concerning our mutual friend.

"It is very strange!" he rejoined; "and I do not understand it. He has been with me all day; and though I know he regrets my quarrel, I have observed nothing unusual in his manner. On returning to the Ville, a few minutes since, we learned from Mrs. Prescott that you and Corina had gone out together, and we sallied forth to find you, he in one direction and I in another. There must have been some powerful cause for his agitation, but I cannot guess what it was."

A new light suddenly broke in upon me.

"Ah! I have a solution of the enigma now!" said I, mentally. "Curry Maitland is in love with Corina Villiers; and, overhearing my seemingly passionate declaration of attachment, considers me his rival. Am I his rival? Corina is very beautiful, and very fascinating—but do I love her? And more than this, does she care for me? Have I unconsciously won her heart? Why did she tremble so when I spoke to her of love? Did she believe me in earnest? and was she happier in such belief?"

Of these conjectures and speculations I said nothing to Forbes; and shortly after, in a silent, musing mood, we both returned to the dwelling. I saw nothing more of Corina that day; and Curry came in late, plead indisposition, and retired for the night without exchanging a word with me. Why?

CHAPTER VII.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

From the date of the incidents recorded in the preceding chapter, several days passed away which are not pleasant in my memory. Each day I grew stronger, and could walk further with less fatigue; but each day I grew more gloomy, depressed, and discontented. The cause of this was the marked change in the demeanor of my friends. Where of late all had been bright sunshine, there now seemed to rest deep, heavy shadows. Forbes was no longer a gay, cheerful companion, but gloomy and abstracted; Maitland evidently wished to avoid me, and, when we did meet, was formal and cold; and Corina no more came to me with her light step, lighter heart, merry laugh, and musical voice. I even fancied there was a change in the feelings of our kind host and hostess, and that the servants no longer regarded me as a favorite guest—though the state of my own feelings probably led my fancy into error in respect to any except the three first named.

I could account for the gloomy abstraction of Forbes, for I knew in what a serious light he viewed the prospective duel, whereby he might send a fellow being to eternity, or be himself brought to an untimely end; I could even find something like a reasonable excuse for the dignified reserve of one who possibly regarded me as a successful rival; but what was I to think of the marked change in the conduct of Corina, that she should no longer greet me with the cordial freedom of a friend? What had I done to disturb the natural flow of her buoyant spirits, that she should thus suddenly become dignified and distant? I thought over all that had happened—all that had been spoken between us—but found nothing of which to accuse myself. Unlike Maitland, she had no reason to fancy what was not. She at least knew the cause of all that had been said, and the exact weight which should be attached to it. She had fairly challenged me to make love to her in jest, and I had promptly done so in the same jesting vein. Could it be she had thought me in earnest? But if so, even, what cause had she for offence? and why, since she knew she had a right to treat it as mere sport, should she presume to treat it as something serious? Was she annoyed and offended because we had been overheard by one in whose esteem and affection she wished to hold a foremost place? Perhaps this was the true reason; I could find no other solution of the enigma; but then I wondered she did not set the matter right in her own merry way, and laugh it off as a capital joke.

At all events, let the cause be what it might, I no longer felt at home where I was; and I had pretty much resolved upon a change of quarters, when an incident occurred which served to bring about a true understanding of the whole affair, and make even warmer friends of those who had through misapprehension become so seriously estranged.

One morning, while taking my accustomed walk along a broad, green avenue which circled the charming grounds of the Villa, I espied Maitland, a little distance to the left, with his back braced against a tree, his arms folded, his head bent forward, and his whole attitude one of extreme dejection.

My first impulse was to pass on—my second to address him—but, wavering between the two, I halted at a point where a cluster of acacias occupied the direct line between us and shut him from my view. While I debated with myself whether to accost him or not, I fancied I heard him speaking; and approaching the bushes, I parted them cautiously, and, to my surprise, beheld Corina by his side.

I was about to turn hastily back, that I might not be guilty of listening to a conversation not intended for my ear, when a few words of Maitland, spoken in a despairing tone, arrested my steps and held me spell-bound.

"Hear me, Miss Villiers!" he said; "and for the last time! for I am about to depart, never to return."

As he spoke, he drew close to the side of Corina, whose face was averted, and whose sylph-like form I fancied I could see tremble. For a few moments there was a breathless silence, and then she made a reply, too low to reach my ear, but the substance of which I conjectured from his quick and eager rejoinder:

"And can you ask why I have thus suddenly resolved to leave forever the brightest spot to me on earth? Does not your own heart tell you why? Do you not know that I love you more than any other living being? love you with a passion that is consuming me! and think you I can remain and see another occupy that place in your affections which I once fondly dreamed would be mine? No, no, Corina—it is but misery to be in sight of happiness which we know we can never enjoy; and for myself, I would rather be among the wildest scenes of carnage and death than here—rather be where I can soonest hope for release from the pains of mortal life!"

There was another brief pause, followed by some low words from Corina, which I could not distinguish, but which I fancied were spoken in a sobbing tone.

"How do I know that another holds the first place in your affections, Corina?" resumed Curry, in a tone of surprise. "How do I know? And can you ask me this?—you who beheld me not only an unexpected, or unintentional, but even a miserable listener, at the very turning point of your fate!—a listener to words of passion that burned deeply into my very soul, and seemed to set my brain on fire! Oh, Corina! Corina! if you do not love me, do not attempt to be false to the holiest emotions of the human heart, and trifle with the best gift of Heaven!—do not, by prevarication, seek to excite another hope in my breast, which you know can never be realized, and thus plunge me into deeper misery than I even now endure! You love Edmund Laurens—I have seen it—I feel it in my heart—I know it—how could it be otherwise? and oh! by the sacredness of truth, I conjure you not to deny it for the mere purpose of giving me temporary happiness! for better far that I should know myself hopeless at once and forever, than live on in a delusion that must cheat me at last!"

There was another brief silence, and I fairly trembled as I listened for Corina's reply. It came; and unlike those which had preceded it, it was spoken so clearly and distinctly that I was not left to conjecture its import.

"You have fallen into an error, Mr. Maitland," she said, "and justice to you and myself demands that I should set you right. As your friend, I first met Mr. Laurens; as your friend, and a guest of our dwelling, I was in duty bound to respect him; for his own sake I soon came to esteem him; but as for loving him, as you have been pleased to assert in such positive terms, I never did."

"But he loves you, Corina!" returned Maitland, in a tone that indicated a high degree of nervous excitement—a tone that seemed to demand contradiction as a drowning man demands air.

"If he loves me," rejoined Corina, "I am not aware of it, and think you are mistaken."

"But that interview in the arbor, when he so passionately declared his love?"

"A mere jest—nothing more—the result of a playful challenge on my part."

"It did not appear like jesting to me."

"Perhaps not; but had you been near enough, you would have seen that one of us at least was laughing."

"Ah, indeed!" muttered I, feeling the hot blood spring upward to my temples.

However, I breathed freer again; the point was settled; she had not been in love with me; and though my vanity was somewhat wounded by the discovery, I on the whole felt the better for it.

I waited a few minutes longer, to give the two time to come to an understanding that would probably make them both happy, and then purposely pushed my way through the bushes with a good deal of noise. On seeing me, Corina at once bounded away, like a startled fawn; but Curry, his features all aglow, came forward to meet me.

"Friends or foes?" said I, in a tone half jesting, half earnest.

"Friends!" he cordially returned, coming up and grasping my hand as of old.

"And we never should have been otherwise," I rejoined, "had we both known what we know now. Pardon me, Curry! I have accidentally been a listener to your conversation with Corina, and most cordially congratulate you on being a successful rival of your humble servant! However, you were in earnest and I in jest, which makes a material difference in affairs of the heart."

"A very material difference!" he laughed, at the same time coloring deeply.

We proceeded to talk over the whole affair, and soon came to a cordial understanding; and then we returned to the dwelling, both in much better spirits than when we had left it. A few words with Corina during the day, brought us to a cordial understanding also; and from that time forward, till the sad moment of our parting, no coldness or reserve, no petty difference of opinion, occurred to disturb the even flow of our spirits.

I could dwell with delight upon the remainder of our sojourn on the island; but the many scenes before me—of wild, romantic, thrilling, and even terrible interest—warn me that I must not longer linger on my journey to gather pebbles, shells and flowers.

Let me say in brief then, that, my health being at last restored, we made up parties of pleasure, rode out in the cool of the day, visited our neighbors of the hills, and received visits from them in return; and what with dinners, boating excursions, and balls, the bright hours glided swiftly away in the presence of beauty, "and all went merry as a marriage bell." We were occasionally saddened by the news that here and there one of our companions had fallen a victim to the yellow fever, the dread foe of the tropics; but in general we gave little heed to a malady that did not reach us; and except the prospective duel of my friend with the Spaniard, which now and then crossed my mind with a gloomy foreboding, my pleasures were as little alloyed as I have ever found them, or ever expect to find them, in this world of change.

In the midst of our festivities, General Mine and suite arrived; and from that time forward, we daily looked for the summons which would take us from our Eden of pleasure, into the great, cold world beyond its flowery gates.

It came at last; and sad and tearful were the partings with our friends; and more than one voice trembled and grew faint as it pronounced the final farewell.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TRAGIC SCENE.

About half a mile from the city of Port-au-Prince, within a sheltered indentation of the bay, just as the sun was streaming his parting light over the calm sea and flowery isle, Forbes, Maitland and myself stepped from a skiff to the shore, and, ascending a slight elevation, came upon a small table of land, not unlike a terrace, which was entirely devoid of trees and bushes, but covered with rank grass and wild flowers.

As we reached this quiet and delightful spot, we observed a group of four persons, apparently in conversation, at a little distance from where we made our ascent. On perceiving us, they advanced somewhat hastily, and we at once recognized Captains Moreno, Correa, and Fletcher, and Dr. Manguez.

"You are late, gentlemen!" said Fletcher; "the sun is already setting, and only a few minutes of daylight remain; let us therefore proceed at once to business."

"Our excuse is," returned I, "that the man we hired to row us down here, made a mistake and went past the place: we are here now, however, and will not keep you waiting."

As I spoke, I fixed my eyes upon Captain Moreno, and was much struck with his unusual appearance. He was a tall, spare man, with coarse, sensual features, a black, piercing eye, and a swarthy complexion; and though generally a man of stern look and great nerve, I now observed that his eye quailed, and had a strange, wandering expression—that his features had a pale, yellowish, sickly cast—and that his lips quivered and his hands trembled. Could it be that he was under the influence of fear? I looked at him only a moment, when my attention was called off by Maitland.

"Laurens," he said, "will you and Correa place the principals, while Fletcher and myself load the weapons? for we have no time to spare!"

"Ned," said Forbes, as with a firm, calm step he advanced to the position designated, "if I fall, you know my wishes; and my aunt, the only relative I now have who will deeply mourn my loss, must never know that I came to my end in this manner. Break the news to her gently, and let her suppose I died upon the field of battle."

"Do not talk of dying, my dear friend!" said I, with tearful eyes.

"I know not what will happen," he replied, "and am only preparing you for the worst."

I pressed his hand, and told him to be firm, that his antagonist seemed laboring under great nervous excitement, and therefore I had hope he would miss his mark.

As Forbes and Moreno stood back to back, waiting for the pistols to be placed in their hands, the latter said, in a cold, sneering tone, addressing his remarks to me:

"I hope your friend is pleased with this flowery bed, upon which he will soon be lying in bloody state!"

"Be not too certain, sir," returned I, sternly, "that the picture your fancy has painted for him, may not be for yourself! This is no time to boast; and the man who can only keep his courage up by such superficial means, is a trembling coward at heart!"

He turned fiercely upon me, his eyes fairly glaring, and his whole face expressive of demoniac rage, and exclaimed, with an oath:

"This is an insult which your heart's blood alone can wash out! When I shall have finished your friend, remember I have an account to settle with you!"

I was about to make an angry rejoinder, when Correa, taking me by the arm, whispered in my ear:

"Do not mind him, Mr. Laurens! he is not himself; he has been acting strangely for several hours; and more than once has tried to quarrel with Fletcher and myself."

At this moment Maitland and Fletcher advanced, and each handed a pistol to his friend.

"Gentlemen," said Fletcher, "you will each advance five paces, halt, wheel, and fire at the word. Are you ready?"

"Ready," said Forbes, quietly, compressing his lips.

"Find a soft place for your fall there!" sneered the Spaniard.

"Captain Moreno," said Fletcher, reprovingly, "permit me to say that I consider such remarks ill-timed and unworthy of yourself!"

"I see you are all disposed to quarrel with me," replied Moreno, with a fierce oath, "and I am not the man to balk your kind intentions. You shall all have your chance, one at a time."

"For Heaven's sake, Moreno, be yourself!" said Correa, earnestly. "You talk and act strangely! Another such an ill-timed remark, and I shall protest against this meeting, on the ground that you are *non compos mentis*."

Moreno uttered a loud, wild, taunting laugh; and, raising his pistol, looked curiously into the muzzle, saying in Spanish:

"Are you sure this has death in it?"

"For God's sake, take care!" cried Fletcher, with a warning gesture.

The words were not fairly out of his mouth, when we were all startled by a sharp report, and the boasting Spaniard fell back against Forbes, and sunk heavily upon the ground. With a cry of horror his friends sprung to him, and raised him up; but only to discover that he was dead—shot in the brain, through the right eye—but whether by accident, or design, none could say.

Here was a termination to an evil beginning, wholly unlooked for. We had come prepared to witness a tragedy—to see a friend, or a foe, or perhaps both, sent suddenly from time to eternity by a hand not his own—but that one, who had just excited the deepest feelings of repugnance by his ruffianly threats of bloody revenge and satisfaction, should fall at such a moment by his own hand, was an event so unexpected that it fairly startled us with the idea of a Providence or a Judgment.

As Forbes and I stood side by side, looking down in silence upon the bloody face of the corpse, he suddenly grasped my arm, and I felt his hand shake with a nervous tremor, as he drew me back and said, in a low, earnest tone:

"Ned, I thank God I am saved! saved from murder and saved from death! Had we exchanged shots, I might have killed him, but I *know* I should have been killed myself. It is strange, Ned—it is very strange—but I have looked upon this scene once before!"

"What do you mean, Jack?"

"I saw it as a dream, within an hour after our quarrel; and yet I know I was wide awake, for I was walking arm-in-arm with Curry. It was that which made me so depressed and gloomy—for the vision was double, and I knew not which presentation to accept as the true. I saw Moreno and myself standing face-to-face, and firing at the word, and I fell, pierced through the heart; and the very next moment we were standing back to back, and, while waiting for the signal to advance, he shot himself through the brain. I somehow felt that the true event was thus foreshadowed, but knew not which was to be the real."

"It is very strange!" said I; "and I join with you in thanking God that you are saved!"

Leaving the friends of the deceased to take charge of his remains, Forbes, Maitland and myself returned to our skiff, and in less than half an hour we were on board the vessel which was destined to bear us to new scenes of adventure and peril. (TO BE CONTINUED)

☞ A novel boat race came off in the harbor of New Haven a few days ago. A new era has dawned upon this sport. It is no longer simply a manly sport, but may be also termed womanly. Two ladies of muscle, one a Pennsylvanian, the other a New Yorker, rowed a match the distance of three miles. The Pennsylvanian is an amateur, and the New Yorker a professional. The result was the New Yorker won. The time made was very good, being about fifteen minutes. The New Yorker now challenges any lady of her size to row her a match.

☞ A friend of ours, while telling of his travels, spoke of a farmer who had lost a favorite cow, which had been brought up by hand with the utmost attention. After narrating the virtues of the departed cow, he wound up his eulogy by saying, "She was as handsome as a school marm."

☞ THE CAPTURED FENIANS.—The total number is fifty-eight. Fourteen are Protestants and forty-four Catholics; one is a native of Germany, seven of Canada, twenty-five of Ireland, and the remainder of the United States.

☞ The Boston Post attributes Belle Boyd's dramatic failure in England to the absence of her husband. She said she "would like to see her husband five minutes before she went on the stage, for the purpose of dressing him down, and giving her blood a healthy circulation. Her loathing detestation of him," she said, "would fire her soul, and keep it in a blaze through the performance."

☞ NO DOUBT OF IT.—A gentleman advertises, "For sale, a very stylish sorrel horse, five years old, 15½ hands high, kind in harness, good saddle-horse; could be made very fast, *if trained*." We have no doubt he could, if he was put in one of the trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad, be made to go sixty miles an hour.

☞ An exchange has a letter from Atlantic City signed "D. H." Have the dead-heads commenced operations already at the sea-shore?

☞ A Louisiana paper says that in that state horse-stealing is managed as follows:—The owner of a horse makes a bargain with a thief to take the horse to Iberville or Baton Rouge and sell him. The thief brings him half the money, and tells him the name of the purchaser. The owner then goes and reclaims the horse as having been stolen.

☞ A Turin paper contains the following: "Miss Grant, a relative of the gallant American general, presented to Garibaldi, through an officer of the first regiment, the sum of one thousand francs, to be distributed to the most necessitous volunteers. Such a generous act is a proof that this amiable lady is in every respect worthy her illustrious family, and it deserves to be mentioned with profound gratitude."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,		$2.50
Two copies, "		4.00
Four copies, "		8.00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16.00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	20.00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4.00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent on receipt of five cents.

Address HENRY PETERSON & CO.
No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $60
2. Thirty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $75

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Ten dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. While if she gets thirty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight*.

A SENSIBLE PROPOSITION.

We recently saw it stated that Mr. Gratz Brown, U. S Senator from Missouri, was about to retire from public into private life.

We should think so. Mr. Brown, judging by a late proceeding of his in the Senate, is entirely too sensible a man to be wasted on Congress. He knows too much,—"such men are dangerous."

For what does Mr. Brown propose? Hear ye district politicians, and be astonished oh ye nomination-managers! He absolutely proposes, 1. That there shall be an inquiry into the expediency of making appointments for the civil service, as, for instance, in the Post-office, Treasury and Interior Departments, of individuals who can show their fitness, knowledge and qualifications for the duties of the situations which they desire, by examination before competent boards.

And 2. Having past this ordeal, he proposes that they shall be secured their places during good behaviour, and may be sure of promotion according to seniority and merit in service, and that they shall not fear dismissal unless upon accusation, trial and conviction by competent business tribunals.

In other words, Mr. Brown would have the Government act by its clerks, as every good business man acts by his—examine first to see whether they are likely to suit, and then retain them afterwards so long as they do suit, rewarding them for faithful service by promotion.

This will never do, Mr. Brown. Uncle Sam's horde of Incapables must not be changed thus into a disciplined host of Capables. A man who has learned how to perform his duties passably in four years of service, must not be allowed to hold his place, but must be made to give way to some greenhorn, who will make every business interest he has to do with suffer, until he begins to learn a little; and who must then of course give way in his turn to another greenhorn.

Besides, how could we dispense every four years with the delightful scramble for office, about ten men devoting as much time and energy to getting each office, as would learn them respectable trades—and as nine of them are of course doomed to disappointment, the others may put down their efforts in parading and dram-drinking as so much patriotic "service to their country."

Oh, no, it will never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown! Do not think your fellow-members of the Senate, to say nothing of the immaculate House—some of whose members cost the country from ten to twelve thousand dollars to bring them all the way from Oregon and California, with "free passes" probably—do not think they will ever agree to abridge thus the inestimable privileges of American citizenship. "Is not one man as good as another?—and don't the whole world *rotate*?—eh, answer us that."

"And do you want us to do like those blarsted Britishers?"

Yes, notwithstanding the old saying, we fear you will have to give it up just so, Mr. Brown.

THE ANNUAL SAENGERFEST.

We are indebted to our German friends for an invitation to attend the Fourteenth Annual North American Saengerfest, to be held in Louisville, Ky., from the 24th to the 27th of July. We suppose that singing and dancing, with public speaking, and no small amount of private speaking, will be in order on the occasion. Then there will doubtless be the usual gymnastic exercises, while lager beer and Rhine wine will remind those present of the fatherland. Well, happiness to our German friends, and after their own fashion, and may their shadows never be less.

FUNNY ENOUGH.—Some time ago we saw a statement that "false bosoms" were for sale, which were made to palpitate, in resemblance of the genuine article, by touching a spring just under the arm. We set this down, however, as a mere joke, until we saw it stated that in the Hartford, Conn., Police Court, recently, a man named Morgan was arraigned under a charge "that on the 15th day of June, A. D. 1866," &c., &c., &c., the said Morgan "did with force and arms feloniously take one fan, three skeins of yarn, *one palpitating bosom*, one pair of scissors," &c.

And so it seems that "palpitating bosoms" are a real invention. Well may we masculines ask, what next?

THE SEWING-MACHINE PREMIUM.—M. E Looker writes from Columbus, Ohio: "The Sewing-Machine works splendidly."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. Complete in three volumes. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

We have here a beautiful edition on good white paper, well-printed and well-bound, of the complete poetical works of Mr. Read. The first volume contains the greater portion of his briefer poems, and also "Sylvia; or, The Last Shepherd." The second volume contains "The New Pastoral," "The House by the Sea," and several miscellaneous poems. And the third contains "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies," "A Summer's Story," "Poems in Italy," "War Poems," &c. The character of Mr. Read's poetry is so well known, so widely have scores of his shorter poems been carried by the wings of the daily and weekly press, that it would be superfluous for us, even did our time and space permit, to enter upon a critical examination of its merits. He has achieved a success which does him honor. And we may close this brief article by commending this beautiful edition of his poems not only to the notice, but to the patronage, of his multitude of admiring friends.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET. A Novel. By EDMUND YATES, author of "Broken to Harness." Published by Loring, 319 Washington street, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

MAJOR GENERAL SHERMAN'S REPORTS. Beadle & Co. New York.

Time-Tables of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad and Connections. July 2, 1866. A very useful work for the travelling public.

☞ A Hartford local says:—"The people of Hartford are much troubled with worms. They fall out of the trees in great numbers." We are sorry to learn that these people are troubled with worms, but we fail to see why this difficulty should cause them to fall out of the trees unless they roost o' nights during this very hot weather.

☞ Ugliness is indicative of small intellect. You could not teach a bull-dog to "do a trick" in four months. If you are looking for an intelligent man, therefore, never consult a person who wears a frown, or takes to sulkiness.

☞ The Empress of the French wears spurs when riding. Her horse is trained to their use.

☞ Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since even fiction itself must be governed by it, and can only please by its resemblance. The appearance of reality is necessary to make any passion agreeably represented, and to be able to move others we must be moved ourselves, or at least seem to be so, upon some probable grounds.

☞ M. Jules Janin, after treating of the English game of "Aunt Sally," in three brilliant columns, terminates his article with, "And this is the great national pastime called cricket!"

☞ During the fiscal year which ended on the 30th of June last, the tariff yielded equal to 47½ per cent. ad valorem on all the imports consumed by the country, including free articles added in with the dutiable list. This consumption was about $370,271,572, paying customs in gold to the amount of $175 878,997.

☞ GOOD FOR CHAFING.—During the "hot term" persons of a full habit, who walk much, are inclined to chafe. This can be cured or prevented by the use, once or twice a day—at retiring and rising—of a solution of common alum in water. The alum may be dissolved in warm or cold water, but should be used cold, applied with a soft linen or cotton cloth to the affected part.

☞ AN IMPERIAL PRINTER.—The young French Prince Imperial has asked his father to permit him to learn the art of printing. Accordingly a miniature press has been erected in the Tuileries, and a printer selected to initiate the young gentleman into the mysteries of the art. The French opposition, upon these facts being made public, have *naively* suggested that the future ruler of France be taught the advantages of a free press.

☞ The race for wealth—Jews.

☞ A TUNNEL UNDER THE MISSISSIPPI.—So much objection has been made to bridging the Mississippi river, that the railroads centering at St. Louis are said to have determined to construct a tunnel under the river at that city. Consent to construct the work will be asked of Congress, and as soon as it is obtained, it is proposed to begin the work. The cost is estimated at $3,000,000, and the time required for completion of the work three years. The tunnel will not be more than three-fourths of a mile long.

☞ The English public has, for some time, been on the qui vive to see Mr. Home's "Hamlet," but there appeared to be insuperable difficulties in the way of his obtaining an opening in any London theatre, until at last Mr. Fechter engaged him for the Lyceum. An amusing story is circulated to the effect that Mr. Vining gravely stated he would engage Mr. Home, *on condition* that the *Davenport Brothers* enacted *the two grave diggers*, and Mr. Home *furnished a genuine ghost for Hamlet's departed father!*

☞ MOON BLINDNESS.—Mr. Crane, in his letters from the East, observed that the effect of the moonlight upon the eyes in Egypt is singularly injurious. The natives tell you to always cover your eyes when you sleep in the open air. A passage in the Psalms is, "The moon shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night."

☞ A VERY COMMON MISTAKE.—Some people imagine that a long walk before breakfast is advisable. The interval between the evening and the morning meal is a very long one, and during sleep digestion is unusually rapid; therefore the stomach is empty in the morning, and sustenance, not exhausting exercise, is what the system requires. Take your morning walk after breakfast, or if you are obliged to go forth early, fortify yourself with at least some slight refreshment.

DRESSING THE DOLL.

This is the way we dress the doll:
First you observe her little chemise,
As white as milk, with ruches of silk;
And the little drawers that cover her knees,
As she sits or stands, with golden bands,
And lace in beautiful filagree.
Bless the doll, you may press the doll,
But do not crumple or mess the doll.
This is the way we dress the doll.

Now these are the bodies—she has two,
One of pink, with ruches blue,
And sweet white lace; be careful, do!
And one of green, with buttons sheen,
Buttons and bands of gold, I ween,
With lace on the border, in lovely order,
The most expensive we can afford her!
Bless the doll, you may press the doll,
But do not crumple or mess the doll.
This is the way we dress the doll.

Then, with the black-at-the-border jacket;
And this—and this—she will not lack it;
Skirts! why, there are skirts, of course,
And shoes and stockings we shall enforce,
With a proper bodice in the proper place,
(Stays with lace have had their days
And made their martyrs); likewise garters,
All entire. But our desire
Is to show you her night attire,
At least a part of it. Pray admire
This sweet white thing that she goes to bed in!
It's not the one that's made for her wedding.
Bless the doll, you may press the doll,
But do not crumple or mess the doll.
This is the way we dress the doll.

English Authoresses.

In his last letter from London to the Round Table, Rev. M. D Conway gives the following graphic description of the personal appearance of some of the leading female writers of England:

What Margaret Fuller's father said of her when she was a girl—*incedit regina*—may be said of the mature woman who writes under the name of George Eliot. She is a finely-shaped woman, and quite large, though not in the sense in which Hawthorne describes English female largeness. She is by no means corpulent, nor are there any suggestions of steaks and sirloins about her; but she is of large skeleton. She is not meagre, either, but has the look of being made out of fine clay. She is blonde, with very light auburn hair, clear, serene, smiling eyes, beautiful teeth. She has also gracious and easy manners, with an indefinable air of unworldliness—of having been made for large and fine societies, but never entered them. In a word, she is a woman who, though not handsome, would personally satisfy her most ardent admirers.

In remarkable contrast in every way to George Eliot is Miss Braddon, the great sensational novelist. One would, seeing her, naturally doubt whether she could write her name. Mixed of lower clay, the exact embodiment of the Southern phrase "commony," with a color which looks like rouge but is not, she is really indescribable here; but my readers may see her anywhere along Broadway at any time of the day.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe is huge. The first impression she makes is that of a great mass of merry flesh and blood, weighing nearly three hundred and fifty pounds. She, too, often has to walk about on crutches, which gives one a sad feeling that this enormous size is far from being the result of, or accompanied by health. But when one converses with Miss Cobbe he finds that the chief characteristic of her face and expression is delicacy. There is a lambent humor about her mouth, a subtle perceptiveness blended with sweetness about her eye, a sensitiveness and sensibility in her manner, under which—as conversation and acquaintance go on—the corpulency seems to shrink, and the most charming physiognomy to be unsheathed. Miss Cobbe has an extraordinary power of conversation, is one of the wittiest of mortals, and wherever she appears has about her a group of fascinated young people—particularly of her own sex—by whose bursts of merriment one may know on entering a company where the authoress of "Intuitive Morals" is seated.

Very likely there will not be far off Miss Isa Craig, editor of the Argosy, leading Secretary of the Social Science Society, who has a literary position in England quite beyond what one might imagine, and which is much more the result of her personal attractiveness than any of her published works. She is not pretty, is something of a German, has a *nez retroussée*, is not blooming; but she is young, has a pure, child-like expression, an eye full of delicate and refined feeling, and a gentle voice that every one likes to hear. She is one of the few persons of culture, and of a talent verging on genius, whom I have seen devoting themselves more to the work that will do good than to that which will bring the public gaze upon them. She is a near friend of George Eliot, G. H. Lewes, Herbert Spencer, and others "of that ilk," who admire her warmly. She will soon be married.

One cannot do any justice to the ladies in a brief letter, nor can he even mention many of the ladies known to the literary world. There, for instance, is the soul of mystic meditation invested in the substantial and good-looking person of Z-chokke's best translator, Frederika Rowan; there is the strange and vigorous, but not altogether attractive, Mrs. E Linn Linton; and now and then, in a few companies, one may see the still brilliant eye, and eager, scornful face of the Hon. Mrs. Norton. For some well-beloved faces one must now, alas! look in vain; they look down upon us from the walls. It would be hard to say how many hearts in England are still draped and lingering comfortless about the graves of Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. Browning.

OUR DRY GOODS HUMANITARIANS.—The following "penalties" of a dry goods store, on 8th above Market street, have been handed us for publication:—

Dropping a yard-stick, five cents.

Sitting down, between the hours of 8 A. M. and 7 P. M., ten cents.

Conversing with a gentleman, ten cents.

Five minutes late in the morning, ten cents.

Dropping a piece of goods on the floor five cents.

In case of sickness, wages suspended. "Salaries," from one to four dollars per week. Board, from three to six dollars.—*Philada. Star.*

☞ The comet is only six hundred millions of miles off. This accounts for the warm weather.

☞ Rossini has petitioned the Pope to allow women to sing in Italian church choirs.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO

MARINA DE BARCELONA—A MAN MONKEY—A WHOLESALE INVITATION—THE ALMENDRAL—STRANGE METAMORPHOSE — A MAGNIFICENT DINNER—ANGEL COOKS—EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT—SOMEBODY LOST—A SLY HINT.

One day when we had been a week in Valparaiso, and were scattered broadcast through the city and suburbs in as many directions as we represented countries—or more than that, for the North American element was divided by three s ot ons; No. 2, composed of Dr. Bond, Cator and Cosmo, was stationed down at the *Marina de Barcelona*—a first-class ship chandlery establishment, kept by our friends *Tomaso Moralles y Co.*—the doctor, per request, was narrating, in his peculiar terse style, incidents of our wanderings by sea and land to an orderly, attentive audience of some twenty gentlemen, perched on boxes, bags of flour, and in a few instances on immense Chilian pumpkins.

The doctor was eloquent and earnest, and in the midst of an out-door dinner to which our party had once been invited in the Banda Oriental, when he was suddenly interrupted.

Back in a corner, where the light was none of the clearest, there was perched on the head of a tall wine pipe that stood up headed, a little old fellow with thin limbs, thinner face, bright, twinkling black eyes, very black, very long hair, and wearing a very brown suit, shirt and all—for that garment was of the brownest of unbleached muslin, dingier by dirt—a coat that was only an abbreviated jacket, cut and made very like a plain waist of a plain woman's dress, only it had prodigious balloon sleeves, gathered in full at the shoulders, and a standing collar. The pantaloons were scanty in all directions; in width, so narrow that body and legs looked very like a slim forked radish, and so short that at one end there was a band of brown shirt four inches wide as a territory between waistband and jacket, and at the other, half a foot of sharp, sheep-looking shins between the bottom of the legs and a pair of monstrous *tomanks*—clumsy wooden shoes, worn without stockings. Very like a great brown African ape, the old man was, and for half an hour he had been decidedly annoying to us all, by drumming an incessant tattoo with his wooden heels on the empty wine pipe.

It was by the queer drummer that Dr. Bond was interrupted, and the interruption was in itself singular, inasmuch as the little monkey-looking old man had decidedly the sweetest, most musical voice I ever heard.

"I think the ladies and gentlemen would find an out-door dinner in the Almendral a pleasant one. I invite them all to dine with me."

The words were not the purest English, but quite intelligible, and Don Moralles answered for us:

"The ladies and gentlemen will have much pleasure in accepting your invitation, Don Jose."

"*Bueno*—Then I shall very soon send every one a written invitation—only you, my acquaintances here, and all your families, will come without ceremony, as if you were coming to your own tables."

Flit—ship—"Ata lago senores." Like a great grasshopper, the little old "brownie" hopped down from his perch, and off out doors as nimble as a cricket. I suppose we were looking unmistakably—"who is that queer old fellow?" for Don Moralles promptly explained:

"Our Chilean Astor, gentlemen—Don Jose Gustani—though we all call him *Jose Marinheiro*. He is an Italian, came here as a young sailor so many years ago that no one remembers the time, run away from his ship and went into trade in fruit, in a very small way at first; then gradually into that of wines and cordials; then into provisions and ship chandlery, and importing largely of almost all kinds of staple and fancy goods. He has a fine place at the Almendral; I will advise all to accept his invitation."

I have no idea how Jose Marinheiro learned all our names, as scattered all over Valparaiso as we were that day; how he managed to ferret out the locality of so many strangers; but he did it, and before night there was not a member of our party without a polite, handsomely written invitation to dine on the following day, at 5 o'clock P. M., at el Casa d' Italia, at the Almendral.

Accepting the invitation, in committee of the whole on board the floating hotel that evening, a messenger was despatched bearing to Don Jose our joint letter of thanks and acceptance, and punctually every Bohemian, male and female, was present at the place, and half an hour before the time appointed for dinner. Then we were several times astonished in rapid succession. First, at the magnificence of the Almendral—a superb park, with a gently rolling surface, in extent covering more than a hundred acres, wooded with almond, lime, fig, peach, and several other varieties of trees—the almond everywhere greatly predominating. Hence the name *Almendral*—as we say in English, vineyard, or orangery. The grounds are separated into many divisions by avenues, about half of the whole area being public property, the balance that of individuals, Don Jose being the proprietor of about eight acres next both the city and the sea, and having as fair a view in each direction as can be found within the two headlands that mark the bay of Valparaiso.

As perfect a paradise as one can well imagine was presented as entering the Almendral by the main avenue, and turning to the left the grounds of Don Jose *el Marinheiro* were before and on both sides of us—a space of eight acres, gently undulating, sloping slightly towards the sea, combining in its diversified features the characteristics of park, lawn, parterre, and fruit garden. Here the dense foliage of the beautiful almond trees shading and making artificial twilight along the curved and beautifully gravelled walks—there, a double line of fig trees with branches bending low, loaded with luscious purple fruit; beyond, the giant rays of an evening sun burnishing into tinted gold the emerald carpet laid of European grasses. Next a bit of magnificent mosaic done in flowers of many climes; then miniature forests of peach trees bearing tempting fruit, blushing red and golden tinted. And in the midst of such an enchantment came suddenly upon us a second wonder.

Our host, Don Jose, ex-Italian mariner, his wife tripping close by his side, and two daughters following close in the rear, came nimbly forward to welcome us to his Almendral Eden.

Don Jose fairly dumb founded us. But the day previous we had seen him at the *marina*, perched like a monkey and looking very like an ugly ape, on the top of the tall wine pipe. Now—there he stood before us, his white plumed cap in hand, bowing gracefully as any courtier, making his brief speech of welcome in emphatic words, and in tones as musical as the soft silvery notes of a flute. What a metamorphose in costume. Yesterday that scanty, queer-fashioned suit of brown, with the awkward wooden *tomanks*. Now a frock of green silk velvet reaching within three inches of the knees, the sleeves and breast slashed with white satin, bordered with a delicate gold vine in exquisite needle work, the skirt ornamented with silver leaves and clusters of coral berries. The nether limbs were clad in light buff breeches, meeting above the knee, pearl colored silk hose, secured with broad, crimson garters fastened with immense gold buckles profusely set with emeralds and rubies. The shoes were low pumps of maroon velvet, elaborately wrought with needle-work in green and gold. The cap was of rich purple velvet, lined with white satin, banded with silver lace, and set off with a sweeping white plume, fastened and looped on the left side with a superb *aiguillette* of pearls and turquois.

Thus attired, our host carried us by surprise back to the days of the crusaders and troubadours. He was so unlike anything that by any stretch of consistency we could frame the little brown, dingey, *tomanked* monkey-looking man of many avocations of Valparaiso's *Quebrada* into, that it was hard to believe the Beau Biondel of the Almendral could be identical with Don Jose Marinheiro, grocer, wine-seller, old clothes dealer, etc., etc., of the busy business end of Valparaiso. So it was the marvelousness of the metamorphose that seemed to make the wonder worth the remembering and a brief mention.

Don Jose when he had led his wife, still beautiful in her middle age, and very graceful and lady-like, and his two lovely daughters, along the whole length of our line, presenting them individually to each one of our party, suddenly stopped stock still, looking about him for a few moments without saying a word. Then taking his eldest daughter, Dona Giovanna, by the hand, he led her to our bluff, handsome sea-lion, saying:—

"*Senor Capitan*, you are a alone. It is a pity. Giovanna will take very good care of you."

The splendid beauty laid her arm within that of Cator as readily as though they had been acquaintances of a lifetime, looked up into his eyes and said, with a bewitching smile, in her liquid, musical Italian—

"*Sempre disposto a servirla*," (always happy to serve you.) And then directly the naive little beauty added:—"*Entriamo nel tavola*," (let us go to the table.)

His youngest daughter, the little fairy Chiara, Don Jose disposed of to our *habitan companiero*, Tusant, in the same manner that he had put Cator under the charge of the Signora Giovanna, and very politely asking Dr. Bond to accept the escort of Signora Castanza, alias, Mrs. Marinheiro, he gallantly offered his arm to our Maryland Queen Edith, doffing his plumed cap and bowing obsequiously, then saying, in a very gallant way—

"*Signora, ho un grandissimo piacere di vederci.*"

So we went forward to the table which was spread out *doors* under the almond trees, Signora Castanza leading our Baltimore M. D. to a seat beside herself at the head of the board, Don Jose and Miss Edith coming in first on the right, Cator and Signora Giovanna next the head on the left; then Mons. Masonville and the pretty Chiara, and after them, our party promiscuously, filling all the seats of honor next the head of the table, leaving a hundred below us to be filled by guests as honorable and respectable probably as ourselves, but on that particular evening not first favorites with Don Jose. There were present a majority of the consular representatives of all the nations represented at Valparaiso, with their attaches and families, many foreign merchants, several distinguished Chileans, and a few of the Catholic clergy, first among whom was his Excellency, Senor Antonio Valdez, Bishop of Chile.

The material was abundant, the cooking superior, viands various, dishes *recherche*, and the arrangement down to the most minute details, most admirable; and most admirable of all, was that the whole affair had been ordered and arranged under the direct personal supervision of Signora Castanza and her two lovely and accomplished daughters, many of the most delicious dishes having been cooked and prepared by their own fair hands.

We learned from our Valparaisan neighbors during the evening that such a fete was one of the very few of Don Jose's weaknesses. He was after all, proud of his wealth, far prouder of the domestic virtues and accomplishments of his wife and daughters, and three times a year on an average, provided a possible pretext presented itself, his pride would crop out in the form of a grand dinner at the Almendral. Several of the veterans assured us that that particular dinner exceeded in profusion and magnificence anything that Jose Marinheiro had ever before presented, and Don Jose himself was in nowise backward in boasting that he had intended to show the *Cosmopolitano* Dons and Donas that a sailor of the West Coast was able to set out a better dinner in better style than any of the great Hidalgoes of the other side of the Andes. And Don Jose's efforts were certainly a happy success, for there were many competent witnesses present, and among them all the testimony was positive and unanimous. They had never seen elsewhere so superb a dinner.

The triumph did not terminate with the dinner, however, but came after the eating and drinking. As it began to grow dark, hundreds of Chinese lanterns gleamed in their grotesque brilliancy among the green foliage over and around the table, two fine bands began to play—not so near at hand as is the custom in the United States, as to make one shudder with their jangling brass blare, but so far away among the almond trees that the music came divested of all its brazen harshness, modulated and toned down to exquisite harmony, while here and there in the leafy labyrinths tinkled "light guitars," and twinkled nimble feet of gay dancers, some in the bewildering waltz, more in the universal Spanish bolero, while many more enthusiastic beautiful senoras and gallant caballeros, "looped and flung," in the wierd, exciting *Tarantula*. There were promenading and chatting, singing of plaintive ballads and roundelays, and rollicking martial and mulatto-ros' ditties, and I doubt not some sly scenes of love-making, and all with frequent pilgrimages to the tables now cleared of viands, but bearing brigaded bottles of tempting vintage.

Thus wore away the hours at the Almendral until it was almost—yes, quite midnight; for the bells of the shipping were one after another ding-dinging off eight, when there began to be a rumor running in all directions through the grounds that Don Jose had suddenly disappeared; then it was known that our Buffalonian, Harry White and his pretty Chilean wife were *non est*, then that Don Fr. Sebastian was absent; then that Tusant Masonville had been gone an hour; and there was beginning to be a panic among our party, when the Signora Giovanna said quietly to Edith:

"Senora, tell all your friends not to be alarmed; only say nothing to these Valparaisans. They are such a rabble—so inquisitive. My father is with your friends. They are all safe. They have gone to the old Castle of Rodil on the heights above the Quebrada. If you care to visit the romantic ruin and will get to your horses quietly, my sister and I will join you at Alanza in an hour, and act as your guides. My father will be happy to meet you at Rodil. *Ataloga.*

THE PORTLAND FIRE.—HOW THE PEOPLE BEHAVED.—A correspondent of the World says:—"When the disaster had assumed its full proportions, and the fire, whether from the force of the wind or the failure of the water supply, or the imbecility of the civil authorities, had visibly gained the mastery, the most striking feature of the carriage of the people, I am told, was a strange silence which came on them. Strong men stood gazing speechless on the flames which were swallowing up the work in many cases of a life time, the tears rolling down their cheeks, but conquered by the apparent and awful hopelessness of the position. But now that the chance of recovering by human energy what has been lost by the fury of the elements reappears, energy and enterprise reappear with it. Many of the hackmen and truckmen of the town became wolves under the orrible temptation of the universal need; and one almost incredible case is related of a man who refused to carry a poor bed-ridden invalid more than eighty years of age half a mile to a place of safety, until he had offered and received the sum of *seventy dollars*. On the other hand, simple-hearted countrymen came in with their teams, and working all night and through the morning, which was not less awful than the night, refused all compensation for their labor.

A WOODEN WEDDING.—A Jersey City minister of the gospel celebrated his wooden wedding (fifth anniversary) the other day. The Jersey City Times says: Their friends, remembering that it was the wooden-wedding occasion, concluded to supply them with a respectably-sized and assorted wood-pile. We noticed two ladies whose head-dress was peculiarly appropriate and suggestive. It consisted of a set of curls and ringlets of *pine-shavings*, and, for this occasion, we considered it the best style of false hair exhibited. The extent and variety of the wooden presents brought in to make up the wood pile would astonish the reader if we could give a full inventory. There was everything, from bunches of kindling-wood, matches, and a saw-horse, up to heavy furniture, a sewing-machine and elegant toilet an writing-desk articles. An elegant sewing-machine, two Swiss clocks, a baby-jumper, several barrels, (not empty,) and an endless variety of kitchen fixings were in the lot. Altogether it was a most pleasant party, and although mostly a lumbering affair, was in no respect dull or heavy.

TO DESTROY HOUSE FLIES.—It is perhaps not generally known that black pepper (not red) is a poison for most insects. The following simple mixture is said to be the best destroyer of the common house-fly extant. Take equal portions of black pepper (fresh ground) and sugar, say enough of each to cover a ten cent piece; moisten and mix well with a teaspoonful of milk (a little cream is better;) let that in your room and you will keep down the flies. One advantage over other poisons is that it injures nothing else; and another, that the flies seek the air and never die in the house—the windows being open. As the season for flies will soon be upon us, this may be food of interest to our readers.

A NOVELTY IN ARMOR.—A coat has just been made at Florence of a cuirass of aluminum, which is as light as an ordinary waistcoat, nearly as flexible, and capable of resisting a musket ball fired at the distance of thirty-eight paces, and of resisting a bayonet thrust from the heaviest hand. After repeated experiments, practiced on it with heavy cavalry pistols at five paces, and lances, bayonets and swords, it has been discovered to be quite impenetrable both to bullets and thrusts.

☞ A most interesting event transpired at Cleveland, the other day, which will be long remembered by the parties concerned. As a crowd were on the banks of the Cuhoga, watching the floating masses swept down by the turbulent waters, an object was seen a short distance from the spot occupied by the spectators, which excited not a little curiosity. It turned out to be a cradle, and when at the instance of a lady it was drawn to the shore, it was found to contain a beautiful child, fast asleep, and happily unconscious of the perils of its rough commencement of its voyage of life. Where it came from and who its parents, are facts unknown.

You ask me why lawyers much are increased,
Tho' most of the country sire are fleeced.
The reason, I'm sure, is most strikingly plain—
Though sheep are oft sheared yet the wool grows again.
And though you may think so odd of the matter,
The oftener they're fleeced, the wool grows the better.
Thus downy chin'd boys, as I have heard,
By frequently shaving, obtain long beard.

☞ A VOICELESS DOG.—The Hartford Press says that there is in that city a dog who has lost his voice. When strangers, he rushes out, goes through the motion barking, bristles up, jumps about and wags jaws, yet not a sound issues from them. If the breed be increased!

☞ Five Scottish noblemen—the Dukes of Argyle, Athole, Sutherland and Buccleugh, and the Earl of Breadalbane, used to own one-fourth of all the land in Scotland.

☞ A loafer called at one of the elegant residences at the South End Boston, a day or two ago, and asked for money. "We haven't a cent," he was told. "Ah! that so?" said he, putting his hand in his pocket, "oblige me by accepting this three cent bill."

The Gift Jewelry Stores.

FROM THE NEW YORK DAILY POST.

How Strangers are Cheated—Adroit Operations.

Among the most successful of the many institutions in New York, devoted to the swindling of strangers, are the gift jewelry bazaars, on both sides of Broadway, from Grand street to the Battery, as well as in Chatham street, Park Row, and along the lines of both the North and East rivers. People are daily cheated by the sharpers who keep the gift stores, but the public very seldom hear the facts, as the swindlers prefer to operate upon strangers; or, if a complaint is made, the money is usually returned to the victim, and the case is dismissed. The mode of swindling carried on by these men, whose places are all conducted on the same plan, is in most cases as follows:

A basement is generally used. This is preferred for two reasons. One is, that while "faking," as they call it, or in other words, cheating their customer out of his money, they are out of the sight of the public; the other is, that the steps and entrances can be sued to good advantage and at small expense for the exhibition of a fair quality of plated jewerly, neatly arranged in show-cases. This has the effect of attracting the eye and rendering deception easier. The unsuspecting person is handed a bill by the "door-tender," informing him that "a bankrupt sale of first-class jewelry is now holding here, the value of which is $50,000, and which must be disposed of at any price within a few days, by order of the assignees," and the self-sacrificing assignees, it is said, "in order to speedily bring the sale to a close, have agreed to adopt the ruinous course of giving the purchaser the choice of any article in the store, from a gold watch to a napkin-ring, for one dollar, with a free gift in the bargain." While reading it the door-tender informs his man (the tender being selected for his ability to talk fast and detect "green ones,") that he had better look at the stock, "as it will cost nothing," and no doubt he will find something which would suit his fancy.

The customer enters and finds two cases, one filled with "pinchbeck jewelry," any article of which is not worth more than fifty cents, and generally made up of brass chains and rings, some pocket-knives, a few spoons and forks, lightly plated, and sometimes a few pocket-books—the latter probably the most valuable articles in the case. Here the customer is informed by the attentive "clerk," who is usually the proprietor himself, that "all the goods are the best in market, and the house with which he was a junior member has recently failed, and therefore this novel method of disposing of their effects has been hit upon," closing by telling him that anything in *this* case can be had for one dollar, and, after he has made his selection, he can draw an envelope from a box, and the number contained in it will entitle him to a present, on which he will find placed a corresponding number in the "gift-case."

The latter article, which in fact embraces the real secret of the business, deserves a brief description. It is situated as far back as possible from the street-door, and contains one hundred and fifty little boxes about two inches square, neatly covered with black velvet; here and there are placed a few handsome castors, good watches, one or two plated ice-pitchers, half-a-dozen goblets, and in some of the larger of these stores, a roll of greenbacks, or compound-interest notes, as the case may be. These large prizes generally number as many as fifty, and the other one hundred "free gifts" consist of tin eagles, pewter rings, cornelian buttons, &c., worth probably six cents a dozen. If the purchaser would look carefully he would find that all the even numbers were placed on the better articles, and all the odd ones on the others. It is needless to say that the duplicated even numbers are not in the envelopes contained in the box. The customer draws one out and gets, for example, number 37; this entitles him to a small tin eagle, the precise value of which it would be difficult to determine. He is informed that "he had better try again; better luck probably next time; fifty cents more and return the eagle, which he no doubt don't care about taking away, and he can have another draw." The result is the same, more worthless eagles, or probably a brass ring.

The man is "bled" a few times in this way until he shows outward symptoms of having a surfeit of eagles and rings, when a new actor appears on the scene. This man is the "capper," generally the senior partner of the bankrupt house before alluded to. He saunters in, having previously been standing conveniently near watching the progress of matters; he looks at some spoons, inquires the price, coolly pays one dollar, and goes to the case to draw his gift. No one not initiated would suppose for a moment that the last customer and the clerk of the store were partners. During this time the door-tender ceases his shouting at the entrance. No more customers are wanted now, as they might be unpleasant spectators, or perhaps witnesses in case the victim should "squeal," as the rogues have it.

The customer of the spoons draws a ring of no value, and, like his successor (who is watching his luck,) trys again. This small swindle has now gone on long enough. The clerk takes out of his pocket a fine watch and chain, and placing it on any number the "capper" may direct, covers it with a bank-note of the amount of one or two hundred dollars, as the case may be. He takes the card, which we will say is numbered 56, returns it to the envelope (apparently) and it to the box. He now informs the "capper" if he wants a good watch and the money which is upon it, he will sell him one envelope out of the box for ten dollars.

Meantime the "capper" is supposed to have watched the identical spot in which the envelope is placed; indeed, it is purposely left projecting slightly above the others. The capper takes eight or ten of the envelopes out of the box, the right one among the number, and offers the clerk fifty dollars for the lot. The latter at first objects, saying that the amount is not enough, but is finally persuaded to accept. The "capper" feels in his pocket, and finds only twenty-five dollars; he offers that amount to the clerk for one-half the envelopes, but is refused. Not wishing to relinquish his chance, which appears so good, for the great prize, he turns to the victim and asks him to put in twenty-five dollars too, and they will divide the prize between them; for he is sure he has the "right envelope in his hand." The victim, as a general rule, complies, and the envelopes are opened, but "No. 56" is not there. The "capper" laments the loss of his money and walks away, and probably the victim soon afterwards goes away also. But if he were to examine the back of the case, he would find there a leather pocket securely fastened to the handle, in which the object card is adroitly dropped by the "obliging" clerk.

Sometimes a leather cloth, called the "tendioe cloth," is brought out, and the unsuspecting purchaser is made to pay very dearly for his efforts to win a prize in what is painted on it in large letters as the "Royal Havana Lottery Scheme." This scheme is supposed to promise the player one hundred dollars for one dollar if he throws the right numbers. It is understood that the numbers entitling the speculator to the prizes have never yet been thrown in any of these model jewelry emporiums." A "capper" is used in this swindle as well; he draws sometimes ten or twenty dollars as a bait for the "green ones" they may wish to draw in.]

In fact, to such an extent do these swindlers carry their business, that even the old worn-out cheat of "three-card monte" is introduced before they will allow their victim to escape with a dollar in his pocket. Various other plans are resorted to besides those above described, to defraud strangers of their money in these places.

The "jewelry bazaars" at the North and East Rivers, having emigrants and sailors principally for customers, do not pretend to give anything like value for the money they receive. Their plan is different from that of their more pretentious Broadway co-laborers, and is as follows: A bill is handed the stranger at the door announcing a sale of jewelry on the lottery plan. The customer pays one dollar for his chance, and although some good articles are temptingly placed in the show case, he never draws anything but brass rings and other equally valueless stuff. All the money received in these places may be said to be clear profit; nothing but tin and brass is distributed in prizes.

Residents of this city and neighborhood are shy of these places, and very seldom enter them. Strangers visiting New York should look twice, before entering a shop having show-cases on the sidewalk, especially when they are presented with a handbill announcing an "assignee's sale of first-class jewelry."

Foreign News.

The steamer Persia, with dates to July 1, is at New York. Nearly all her news is in reference to the war in Germany. The reports of the battle fought in Bohemia are as conflicting as ever. It would appear that two battles were fought—one on the morning when the Prussians were successful, the other in the evening, when the advantage remained with the Austrians. The strategic purposes of the latter power have been gained, and the junction of two Prussian armies rendered impossible. Hanover had been occupied by the Prussians, and its army had surrendered to them unconditionally, after vainly endeavoring to break through the hostile lines.

There has been no more fighting in Italy, but Victor Emmanuel announces that the campaign will be immediately resumed. Cialdini has joined his army to the main body. Garibaldi and his volunteers have not fought yet. An engagement had taken place on Lake Garda between some Austrian gunboats and an Italian fortress. The gunboats were compelled to withdraw, one in a disabled condition. The Italian fleet in the Adriatic is preparing to attack the Austrian squadron. They are nearly equal in the number of guns. The Italians possess several iron-clads, some of them very large and formidable.

There are rumors afloat that active intervention on the part of France will not long be waited for; and that the needed assistance will be given to Italy. The fleet at Toulon is being prepared for sea, and this gives additional interest to the war rumors. In addition, it is said that M. Drouyn de L'Huys, the present Minister of Foreign Affairs, will be removed, and some one more for a war policy substituted.

Lord Derby has given up the idea of making a coalition Cabinet in England, and will content himself with a purely Tory one. Some of the papers prophecy the speedy return of the Russell party to power. The laying of the Atlantic cable was to have commenced on July 10.

LATER.

European dates to the 4th have been received by the steamer America at New York. The Prussians are victorious in Bohemia. Gitschen was taken by storm. The Austrians lost 4,000. The junction of the Prussian armies under the Crown Prince and Prince Frederick Charles was completely effected. The King of Prussia has arrived at Gitschen. The number of Austrian prisoners taken exceeds 5,000.

It is stated that since June 26th the Prussians have captured 15,000 Austrians, and 20,000 have been killed and wounded. Several battalions are completely annihilated. In the Italian army desertions are increasing. The Austrians, it is said, intend to remain on the defensive between Josephstadt and Koniggretz. The Austrians claim the capture of 4,000 Italians and fourteen guns at Costozza.

PEACE PROBABLE.

The Prussians obtained a great victory on the 3d near Ludown. The Austrians sent in a flag of truce. Austria has agreed to cede Venetia to the Emperor Napoleon, and to accept his mediation. Napoleon immediately communicated with the belligerents.

The Emperor Napoleon hastened to respond to the summons, and immediately communicated with the King of Prussia, in order to obtain an armistice.

The Prussian and Italian reply to the proposed armistice has not yet transpired. There are rumors that the Prussian reply is not favorable.

The Morning Post thinks that a Congress will shortly assemble, and that the French Government will propose a general disarmament.

In the commercial circle of London peace is regarded as virtually concluded.

☞ The number of persons admitted to the British Museum shows a continual decrease. In 1865, the number was 370,000, or nearly 170,000 fewer than in 1860. The decrease in the number of visits to the reading-room within the same period has been not less extraordinary.

☞ A New York barber, who professed to have an almost uncontrollable desire to cut his customer's throats, while shaving them, begged to be arrested recently.

☞ Land in Corinth, Miss., sells for thirty-five cents an acre.

☞ A Paris writer says the Emperor has had private wires attached to his different telegraphs, and sends private telegrams with his own hands to Count Bismarck at Berlin, and General La Marmora at Florence.

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

I see her walking on the shore
With blowing hair and clasping hands,
Her wild thoughts fled beyond the seas
To me in foreign lands.

I see her sitting on the cliff,
Patient to watch the furthest range
Of tumbling seas that toss and fall,
And mock her by their change.

I see her waiting in the house,
But moving aye from room to room,
And startled at the sudden sounds
That waken with the gloom.

I see her sleepless in the night,
When on the roof pours down the rain,
And through her vacant heart then creeps
A suffocating pain.

I see her when the rising sun
Gleams on her window, rich and red,
Still sadly asking o'er the words:
"Oh, is he false—or dead?"

I see her growing wan and white,
Her eyes enlarged with wild unrest;
I see her, but I cannot soothe
The anguish of her breast.

And thus, ah, thus, for many months,
She waits to have some sign or word,
Then lays her weary down to die,
Heart-sick with hope deferred.

I lose her then. But well I know
The angels lift her far and free,
To a Great Rest, from whence she looks
Past rain, and cloud, and sea.

Past rain, and cloud, and dungeon-wall,
She looks from heaven far away—
She sees the fetters on my feet,
And knows what made me stay.

The Mutual Consolation Society.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD,

AUTHOR OF "EVE ISLE," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Henry Peterson & Co., in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXI.

A few days after our excursion to Greenwood, Mr. Wardwell called at my office one morning by appointment, to accompany me on a professional visit to Samuel Spragg. I had satisfied myself that he had taken no steps to perfect his title to the property, and nothing remained but to seek an interview with him and ascertain whether he preferred to make restitution of his ill-gotten gains, or have them wrested from him by legal proceedings.

It may seem singular, but I felt a strange reluctance to enter upon the prosecution of the case. Of course, my sympathies were all with Agnes, and I regarded her interests as my own. But Mr. Wardwell's pitiless threat that Spragg should be hunted down, rang in my ears; nor could I forget that strange old man, who dogged his steps so pertinaciously, and whom I had seen walking up and down before the millionaire's house, as though gloating to himself over the ruin he foresaw was impending over it. Not that I supposed for a moment that Mr. Wardwell and this man were coadjutors, but there was something terrible in the idea that two or three pairs of vigilant eyes were watching the movements of one man, and as many vigilant brains plotting his destruction. The contest seemed so unequal that I almost pitied Spragg, though conscious that he deserved any punishment that was likely to befall him.

But Mr. Wardwell had evidently no compunctions of conscience; on the contrary, it was apparent that our business that morning had a peculiar relish for him, and there was an unwonted pungency to his satirical humor, as we wended our way towards Wall street, that showed him to be in excellent spirits.

On reaching Mr. Spragg's offices, I sent in my card, and we were at once shown to that gentleman's private room. We found him surrounded by papers, and immersed in business, but he received us with his customary sharkish smile, and upon my introducing Mr. Wardwell, he greeted him with remarkable amiability.

"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?" Mr. Spragg said, after the first interchange of civilities. "I hope, by-the-way, Mr. Larringdon, that my boy's performance last night didn't frighten all you good people away. My boy Sam, Mr. Wardwell, is getting in an amazing crop of wild oats—in fact I believe he is going to the devil; but you know what a place New York is to bring up boys in. I declare I don't know what to do about it, with so much business on my hands. But I am troubling you with private affairs. Is there any way that I can serve you?"

"Well, no, I hardly think you can, personally," Mr. Wardwell said. "The fact is, Mr. Spragg, I am a sort of special guardian of a Miss Agnes Fairstar, and my friend Larringdon is her attorney."

Mr. Spragg leaned back in his chair, and regarded us searchingly.

"And what can I do for Miss Fairstar?" he said, his smile becoming still more sharkish in expression. "It's a long time since I've seen the young lady, though I used to know her very well. In fact she was an inmate of my family years ago."

"So I have understood," I answered.

"No doubt you have, Mr. Larringdon, and it was quite correct, but—the surmise is really absurd, but your coming as her attorney suggests it—does Miss Fairstar profess to have a claim against me?"

"She has been led to suppose that she has, sir."

"Well, upon my honor! this is amusing. Why, gentlemen, the truth is, I have a considerable demand against Miss Fairstar for her maintenance, but I never had the heart to mention it, and let her suppose her father left sufficient to reimburse me for all I had expended."

"What an infernal liar you are, Spragg!" said a voice behind us. I recognized it, and started to my feet, and saw with a shudder the head of the strange old man I had seen walking before Spragg's house, looking in through the half-open door.

"Your friend has an unpleasantly plain way of speaking," Mr. Wardwell said, glancing curiously from the merchant to the intruder.

"He's a madman or an idiot," Spragg answered, becoming pale, "who has been following me like a shadow of late. Who he is or where he comes from, I don't know; but I *do* know where he is going to, if he intrudes in this manner again, and that's to the station-house, so, my good friend, be warned in time."

"You won't do it, Spragg—depend upon it, you won't," the old man answered, with the same harsh, grating, satirical laugh I had heard once before. "Why, you ungrateful old reprobate, is this the return you make for the interest I have taken in your family? Here I have brought your only son back to you beastly drunk again. He was on an awful spree last night, and lost a thousand dollars at cards, but I stuck by him, Spragg, and have brought him back to you safe and sound—here he is."

He threw the door wide open, and we saw that it was even as he had said. Samuel, Jr., lay there in soiled and tattered garments, insensible from drink.

For a moment Spragg regarded the mortifying spectacle in silence, and then touched his bell.

"Call a hack, and take that boy home," he said to the messenger who responded to the summons. Then he turned to the malicious old man, his whole frame trembling with passion, though his face still wore the sharkish smile that nothing could quite obliterate from it.

"Now, get out of my office!" he said, fiercely, "or by ——, I'll throw you out of the window."

"Oh! I'm off if that's the only kind of thanks I am to get, but you are such an ungrateful scoundrel, Spragg, besides being such an infernal liar," and with his horrible laugh the old man strode away.

The merchant sat down, leaned his head upon his hand, and it was evident that it required all his self-control to maintain an outward composure. I would have left the explanation of our business for a subsequent visit, but Mr. Wardwell was as immovable as granite.

"If you have many visitors of that kind I don't envy you," he said, composedly. "Devilish odd kind of a man, I should say, Mr. Spragg."

"You are right, he is so," the merchant rejoined, regaining in a moment his ordinary manner, "but you were speaking of some claim Miss Fairstar imagined she had against me. Would you be good enough to explain it, Mr. Larringdon?"

"Certainly, sir, I believe the late MacIvor Fairstar at the time of his departure for Europe was the owner of considerable real estate in this city, to which you subsequently set up a claim."

"All true, Mr. Larringdon, but do you happen to know farther that MacIvor Fairstar subsequently sold that property to me and got his pay for it? I can't imagine his daughter prefers a claim to that."

"Yes, sir, together with the rents and profits since it has been in your possession."

"You must be jesting. I have the deed of conveyance which her father executed."

"And she has a bond that bears your signature."

"Where did she get it, pray?" Mr. Spragg asked, looking slightly disconcerted.

"From me," Mr. Wardwell said, "and I got it from her father."

"Her father has been dead these ten years."

"I beg your pardon, but I parted from him in Italy but a few months since, and have all the proofs of the nature of the transaction between you. Here is the bond we were talking about. You know your own signature, I suppose, and that of the subscribing witness, Seth Fortington, who is still in your employ, I believe. And if you have any doubts on the subject, perhaps we had better call him in."

"No, no," Spragg hastily answered. "We can transact our business without calling in a third party, I imagine. Be good enough to state distinctly *what* you claim."

"Simply that the deed that you hold was only intended as security for a loan of less than five thousand dollars, which I am now ready to repay principal and interest as soon as you execute a reconveyance according to the terms of that bond."

"I can't convey it, Mr. Wardwell—it is impossible. Not a half—not a quarter of the property is now in my possession. It has passed through twenty different hands—it has been built upon and improved—in short, the greater part of it, is now in the heart of the city."

"That is a difficulty for you, not us to settle."

"Very true, but, good God! you wouldn't ruin a man."

"Why shouldn't we?" Mr. Wardwell asked, looking the merchant steadily in the face.

For a moment Spragg returned the gaze as if uncertain what to do, and then said,

"Well, gentlemen, I learned a good while ago to own up when I was checkmated, and never to fight where there was no prospect of winning. I am checkmated now, and you have matters pretty much in your own hands. There is but one thing that can be done, and that is to compromise. To restore the property that bond calls for is simply and entirely out of the question. What sum will satisfy you?"

"What can you afford to give? Let us hear a proposition from you."

"The property might have been worth fifty thousand dollars when it came into my hands, and I suppose the portion still remaining under my control is worth a similar amount from the advance in the value of real estate. I will make a clear conveyance of that to Miss Fairstar, and call it even."

"You'll do better than that, Mr. Spragg."

"Why, bless your soul, Mr. Wardwell, that is returning to her all in fact that her father left."

"Not according to the way we used to figure things up in Vermont. I understood you a moment ago that the greater part of the estate had passed out of your hands. How will you account to us for that?"

"Where is MacIvor Fairstar now?" Mr. Spragg asked suddenly.

"Abroad, if still alive, but that signifies nothing. I have full power of attorney to act for him."

Again Mr. Spragg remained silent for some moments, and when he did speak his words were abrupt and decisive, as though his mind was made up fully and unalterably.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have one more proposal to make, and but one. I will reconvey the property of which I spoke, and will add to it securities to the amount of fifty thousand dollars. This is all I will do. If you decline my offer resort to the law. I'll fight you to the end."

"We'll consider the proposition," Mr. Wardwell said. "You can well afford to do better, we all know; however, we will consider it, and give you an answer in the course of to-morrow. Good-morning."

"I thought I understood you that Agnes's father was dead," I said as soon as we were in the street.

"Not quite, Counsellor, I told you he lived long enough to tell me his story, and you inferred the rest; but for certain reasons that I can't explain now, I do not wish it understood that he is alive, and Agnes under no consideration must be led to suppose that she is other than an orphan. God knows she may be any moment, and it would be the refinement of cruelty to raise in her mind the hope of some time seeing her father which would never be realized."

"She will receive no intimation from me if such is your desire; but what do you think of Spragg's proposition?"

"It's ridiculous; the property is worth half a million; besides, you would be cheated out of all the reputation you have been calculating to gain in trying the case."

"I should certainly have liked the *eclat* of appearing in court with such a one, still I conscientiously believe that in nine cases out of ten a person had better accept less than their legal rights rather than resort to litigation, particularly where you have a wealthy and determined antagonist to contend against."

"Don't whisper a syllable of such heresy in the hearing of your legal brethren, Counsellor, or you certainly will be thrown over the Bar. Serve you right, too. However, this is a matter for Agnes herself to decide, and she has a clear head, and a good deal keener sense of justice than you or I. She shall do just as she pleases—we will not try to influence her either way, and my word for it, whatever Spragg may save in this operation he will lose in the end. His race is pretty nearly run. That was a hopeful son we saw in his office, and, *entre nous*, as they say in France, that was an amazing queer friend who brought the boy home. He acted to me a deal more like an enemy, and an ugly one at that."

"That is my own idea of him, and I have seen him once before; but who and what is he?"

"That, Counsellor is none of our concern, so we won't bother about it. Our business is to look after Agnes Fairstar's fortune."

CHAPTER XXII.

A surprise awaited me when I reached my office. At the door I was met by the doctor, who greeted me with a whoop, threw his arms around my neck, and gave me a hug that would have done credit to a grizzly bear of unusually demonstrative disposition.

"What is the matter with you?" I said, releasing myself from his embraces. "Have you lost your senses?"

"Worse than that, my friend; I have lost my sweetheart. Spragg's daughter has dismissed me, and if I act stagely it is solely chargeable to the great grief which has thus suddenly and unexpectedly obscured the sunshine of my life. There's the cruel letter that brought my aerial castle tumbling about my ears. Take it, Guy, read, and be sorrowful."

I took the note—it was as follows:

"HOME, SATURDAY MORN.

"DR. WENDKWOOD, M. D.:

"DEAR SIR—We must henceforth be to each other as strangers. I thought my heart was yours, but I have met another in whom I have found a more kindred spirit—one who has gained all the jungfischbuns of my heart, which I thought was all yours.

"I know this will be a great blow to you, but you will soone find some boddy who is more worthy to be your bride than was ever

"LYDIA SPRAGG.

"P. S.—Please return my letters by Klaggit and if you can forgive me rite and tel me so.

"L. S."

"The gods be praised! you are free," I said, looking up after perusing the note. "When did this arrive?"

"This morning, by the Klaggit Express, and although my heart is broken, my spirits crushed, my hopes annihilated, I returned her letters, two in number—with *this* I could not bear to part—and to Klaggit to inform her that her request was granted; also, that I would write to her when I felt equal to the task. In the agony of the moment I ordered Mr. Flatts to prepare dinner here to-day, and provide a bottle or two of claret wherewith to drown my grief. Like good and faithful servant he obeyed, and have sent for my rival that I may mortify my pride by feasting him. Follow me, Guy. Let us 'quaff the rosy,' as Dick Swiveller would say, and forget the sorrows of the hour."

I followed my friend into the back office, where I found an entertainment prepared, the like of which our chambers had never seen before.

"By the way," Wentwood said, casting an admiring glance around "I have managed to control my emotions sufficiently to write to my quondam lady-love, as she desired. Flatts will place it in her hands this evening, but you must read it first. No, I will read it myself. I can put in the proper emphasis. Here goes:

"*Nassau, Saturday, P. M.*

"MISS SPRAGG—Your heartless epistle was received this morning, and ere this, the messenger who brought it has returned, bearing with him your letters. You request me to restore your plighted faith—to it—you say from henceforth we must be strangers—I don't complain—you wish me to forget you—there's no use talking—I can't you ask me to forgive the pangs you have caused me—I'll do the best I can.

"I am convinced that love-making is a complete game of hazard between the thumb of misery and the forefinger of happiness. Heads, happiness—tails, misery—and nine times out of ten, tails have it. As soon as I recover from the shock, I'm going to buy a horse and dog and commence life anew. The faithful brutes never deceive those who trust them, and the affection of a dumb animal is worth something.

"Hereafter I am going to wear a patch over one eye; and when I am an unmarried woman, I shall keep her on my blind side.

"I saw last night that you had given your heart to Bingle. Be happy with him if you can. Your miserable victim,

"WENDKWOOD."

"There, I consider it about the thing," Wedgewood said, looking up complacently. "Effectually severed the ties of affection you know, and at the same evinces a good deal of pretty *doosid* deep feeling, as Bingle would have it. For a prose position, I flatter myself it is rather an uncommon specimen."

"It is, certainly, but in mentioning Bingle reminds me that I wanted to ask you how he came to get a situation on the *Bumble Bee*? Was it some of your work?"

"I had a hand in it. You remember the promissory note I persuaded Strand to sign as surety for Smithkin's? Well, after you went away I took occasion to drop into the *Bumble Bee* office now and then, and remarked to Strand that the financial condition of the Society was rather discouraging, and I was really afraid you would have to collect your money of him if you ever got it; and when he was suitably wrought up over this prospective misfortune, I suggested that you were anxious to get Bingle a place on his paper, and the result was, to make a long story short—he finally agreed to give him the place he has, if I would get back the promise to pay, I consented, and that valuable document is no longer *in esse*."

"And that was the object you had in view when you induced old Strand to sign the note, I suppose."

"Well, yes, I wanted to do Bingle a good turn. He's a poor forlorn chap, in whom no one takes any interest—rather soft, to be sure, but fully up to the calibre of the *Daily Bumble Bee*, and but speak of angels and so-forth—here he comes."

"I hope I am not late," the literary gentleman said, as he removed his broad-brimmed hat and ran his fingers through his curls, "I had *doosid* hard work to get off to-day, but I wouldn't have disappointed you on any account."

"Thank you," the doctor responded, with impressive gravity, "and you have arrived in the very nick of time; but before proceeding to partake of the humble repast prepared for this occasion, I wish, Mr. Bingle, to ask you one or two solemn and important questions."

The poet looked a little frightened, but professed, nevertheless, that he should be charmed to answer any number of interrogatories.

"It is well," the doctor continued. "You met for the first time, last evening, Miss Lydia Spragg, of this city. Now on your honor as a man and a poet, are you aware of entertaining any sentiments of affection for her?"

"To be perfectly candid about it," Mr. Bingle said, with a becoming blush, "I rather think I am. Till last evening, I was *doosid* certain my affections were fixed upon our friend Guy's respected aunt, who is indeed a fine woman; but on reflection, I am convinced that there was too much disparity in our ages, and that she was right in refusing me."

"Bingle, you are a happy man—Miss Spragg's heart is yours."

"You don't say so!" cried the poet, with unaffected astonishment.

"I do, in all truth and soberness, and will confess to you that at one time, Miss Spragg was my own affianced bride."

"What a *doosid* extraordinary thing!" exclaimed the literary gentleman.

"Don't interrupt me, Bingle—it harrows up my feelings. This morning Miss Spragg formally dismissed me, on the plea that another had gained her affections. Who that other is I leave you to guess. Take her and be happy."

"By Jove! now that's too *doosid* bad, doctor. And if I'd had the least idea of the state of things I would never have looked at her; and if you say the word, I'll never see her again."

"Blessings on you, Bingle, but you shall make no such sacrifice on my account—I will not stand in the way of your happiness. Between you and me, it's not likely she'll have much money. Spragg isn't as rich as most people think, but you don't care for filthy lucre."

"I expect not—I never had any to care for. And I say, doctor, you are a *doosid* fine fellow, and if I can ever serve you in any way, you may be sure it would give me as much pleasure to do so, as it would to see 'Jephthah's Daughter' in print."

"I know I can always count on your friendly offices," the doctor said, with real sincerity. "You may be equally certain of mine when occasion requires, and now that matter is all disposed of lets to dinner."

Notwithstanding the festivity of the occasion, and the unwontedly excellent dinner that graced our table, Mr. Flatts seemed to be in a desponding frame of mind, and had very little to say on any subject, a circumstance so unusual that it attracted general attention, and at length the doctor asked him what was the matter.

"Well, the fact is, gentlemen," Mr. Flatts said, softly caressing his little whiskers, "I'm getting worried about my future partner. I didn't expect Sam to take to the abstruse science of the law—he hasn't the head for it, as I think I have remarked to Mr. Larringdon—but I did think he would have had sufficient regard for the reputation of the concern to keep within the bounds of decency—but I don't know, I don't know. His conduct is becoming more extraordinary every day. He is losing a good deal of money at cards, and if he lived exclusively on salt codfish his thirst couldn't be more unquenchable."

"It can't be possible," I said carelessly, "that this Mr. Marwood, as I believe your client is called, has a bad influence over him."

"Well, I don't know about that," Mr. Flatts rejoined, "Marwood has an old and well seasoned head—liquor makes no more impression on him than on a brandy cask, and if he lost at play, which he never does, I don't suppose he'd care the flip of his finger about it, whereas Sam is getting through with the whole of his allowance, and I suspect running pretty deeply into debt besides. I'm almost afraid I shall have to cut him."

"If such a course should become necessary, it will doubtless prove a crushing blow to Samuel, Jr.," the doctor observed gravely, "so don't be rash, Flatts, I entreat."

"I don't intend to, doctor, but good heavens! how am I ever to take my legitimate position as a leading member of the New York Bar, with such a dead weight in the shape of a partner? I may have sufficient abilities to counterbalance even such drawbacks, but I confess I should prefer plainer sailing."

"Flatts," the doctor said, oracularly, "permit me to caution you against that overweening modesty which is your besetting sin. If you only had a little more assurance I should feel perfectly confident of your success, but this self-depreciation to which you are so prone is, I fear, the rock upon which you are destined to wreck your fortunes."

"Thank you for your advice, doctor; I shall bear it in mind. I should ask you to speak to Sam, but if he won't listen to me, *who* would he listen to? And now gentlemen, I don't wish to hurry you, but as soon as you have finished I should like to clear the table, as I have an imperative engagement this afternoon."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The feast of imagination. When your stomach is empty, and your pocket ditto, to sit down and read a cookery book.

LITTLE FLOY.

Again the world wheels softly on
Into the golden light of spring;
With life the southern hill-sides throb,
With life the woods are whispering.

Back to their last year's nests the birds,
Back the young leaves to shrub and tree;
But not from earth, or sea, or air,
Comes back my sweet lost lamb to me.

The merest seed that fell last year—
The merest blade upon the plain—
Swells with the royal gift of life,
But to my flower I call in vain.

Oh bird, and bud, and warm south wind,
She—brighter, sweeter than them all—
In some existence, rich and strange,
Heeds neither Spring's nor Love's recall.

Benjamin Franklin in Love.

BY R. P.

The independence of the United States of America had been conclusively acknowledged and ratified by the Treaty of Peace of September 3, 1783; and, under the able direction of Benjamin Franklin, ambassador from the new Republic to the Court of Versailles, the diplomatic and commercial relations of the United States with France had been fully established by treaty, in consonance with the views and wishes of Congress.

Philadelphia ardently desired the return of her famed fellow-citizen who had displayed so much prudence and skill in effecting the great objects of his mission. He, no less anxious to return to America, never wholly free from the fear that his declining health might detain him in France, perhaps to the close his life there, and, withal, that his most ardent prayer was to be spared to end his days in his native land among his fellow-citizens, surrounded by his grandchildren—he yet seemed to seek a pleasurable excuse for the delay of his departure, under the influence of a sentiment which had less concern in the settlement of such collateral details as yet remained for adjustment than the American philosopher had, perhaps, deemed possible, or cared even to acknowledge to himself at that period of his life.

During the latter part of his embassy to the French Court, he had taken up his residence at Passy, near Auteuil, in the environs of Paris.

In the latter charming village dwelt the widow of Helvetius.* The relict of Helvetius was a most amiable and gifted woman. She reckoned among her friends the most distinguished men of letters of the period, by whom she was never otherwise designated than as "The good lady of Auteuil."

Although she had passed that term of female life which has been so arbitrarily assigned as the climacteric to the fascinating powers of the fair sex, the widow of Helvetius was another exception to that questionable rule; and still more fascinating, both by the grace of her manners and the attractions of her person. The gentleness of her disposition, the charming versatility of her intellect, together with the prudent deportment which had distinguished her throughout a life of considerable trial, and had placed her beyond the reach of all reproach, invested her, as it were, with an aureole of feminine grace and purity, to which all who came within the atmosphere of her intercourse paid homage of admiration and respect.

Strange as it may at first appear, when the respective ages of the "good lady of Auteuil" and of Benjamin Franklin are considered, the American philosopher found the charm of her society too irresistible not to make a permanent alliance with her a serious subject of his thoughts; and in so much, at length, that he believed it necessary for his happiness.

On her part, the amiable widow had not the most remote presentiment of such a design; and always received Franklin as a friend who entertained no other sentiments towards her than those he had expressed, and as one in whose near society she would have esteemed herself happy to live.

Between Passy and Auteuil a frequent intercourse of visits had for some time been established. Once in every week Madame Helvetius dined at Franklin's house, in company with the Abbe de Laroche, the physician Cabanis, who resided under her roof, and Morellet, another esteemed friend, but less frequent guest. Franklin, on the other hand, dined much more frequently at the house of the charming widow, where he often passed the whole evening, but had never yet paid her a morning visit.

The intercourse with Franklin was most cordial on all sides. The simplicity of his manners, his noble sense of right and duty, which revealed itself in the most trivial things; his affability, the purity of his soul, his cheerfulness, and his delightful power of narration, were inexhaustible themes for admiration to Morellet.

Such in society was the man who had contributed so much to the elevation of his country to a free and independent state, and whom mankind has to thank for one of the most important discoveries of his time.

One morning, contrary to his usual custom, Franklin left his apartment at a very early hour, and summoned the young man who officiated as his valet and general servant, by his usual appellative of "Dick! Dick! I am going to Auteuil; get thee ready to come with me."

Dick, a born American, had served with some distinction in the War of Independence under Washington. On the reduction of the army, he left his immediate service about the person of that general to take service with Benjamin Franklin, to whom he became greatly attached. Richard, or Dick, as he was familiarly called by Franklin, was no servant of the common order. Trusty, and devoted from impulse and from principle, he was as good a Christian from faith as he was American by birth and feeling. He accompanied his master everywhere, and when not making the necessary preparations for

*Helvetius (Claude Adrian), who had acquired an European notoriety for his celebrated work, "De l'Esprit," had early displayed many proofs of genius, but until the appearance of that work, in the forty-third year of his age, had never before published anything. It was condemned for its freedom of opinion by the Parliament of Paris, but his biographers make no mention of his recantation of the principles it put forth. He, nevertheless, persisted in its publication; and, to avoid the consequences, came to England in 1764. He subsequently repaired to Berlin at the invitation of the "Philosopher of Sans Souci," whose Court was ever open to the great thinkers of his time. On his return to France he led a retired life at Auteuil, and died 1771. His other works of note are "Le Bonheur," a poem, and "De l'Homme," 2 vols., 8vo., published after his death.

Franklin's philosophical experiments, or engaged in other immediate duties, he was a diligent reader of his Bible. Like most young men of a genial tone of feeling, when conscious of the genuine rectitude of their principles, he was somewhat of an enthusiast, and never more so than when the opportunity presented itself to speak of the land of his birth, or when the merits of his master were the subject of discourse.

In his spare moments he was fond of enlightening the minds of the other servants on the effects of electricity, or of explaining to the simple peasants of Auteuil the great advantages of the lightning-conductor, invented by his master, Benjamin Franklin.*

No sooner was Richard called than he made his appearance, and almost in less time than it took his master to communicate his intention, the gold headed cane, hat and gloves of the philosopher were handed to him, and without further delay master and man were on their way to Auteuil.

Under the already glowing rays of a mid-June morning sun that had begun somewhat to embrown the meadows, and lit up copse, cornfield and vineyard with a dazzling flood of summer light, the travellers found the heat even at that hour oppressive, and quitting the high road, the paved *chaussee* of which reflected oppressively both the light and heat, pursued their way by side paths now come familiar to them, where they were screened at frequent and agreeable intervals by the friendly shade of trees. The philosopher, walking slowly in front, evinced by nothing in his manner how much he was in reality concerned to reach the end of his journey with more expedition, while his servant following behind could scarcely suppress a feeling of impatience at the slowness of his master's pace.

Franklin found Madame Helvetius in her *salle de reception*, which looked out upon the beautiful garden of her house, from which close, and up to the very sill of the window near which she had been seated, the thick foliage of a lime-tree spread its cool and refreshing verdure.

"So early a visitor, my worthy Dr. Franklin!" said the charming hostess, as she rose to receive him. "I hope it may be no unpleasant intelligence that you have to impart to me, and which has set you astir at so unusual an hour?"

"Not in the least, Madame Helvetius," replied Franklin. "I am thus come early to relate to you a circumstance that occurred to me last night."

"Ah! then, my dear friend, how charming it is of you. You are come to relate me some pleasant little story?"

"Well, you shall judge for yourself, dear madame. You will perhaps recollect our conversation of last evening, and how I endeavored by the most cogent arguments to make you sensible that you ought no longer to lead thus a single life, but should marry again?"

"Oh, Heavens! my dear friend, why revert to such a subject? Let us rather speak on some other."

"Is it then possible, Madame Helvetius, that you have not perceived the regret I feel in regard to the strange persistence with which you still persevere in your truth towards your deceased husband, which is not only without any reasonable ground of excuse, but perfectly futile?"

"At another time we will talk of that—at another time, dear friend!" interposed Madame Helvetius, with a simultaneous motion of her hand towards Franklin's white head, as though she would have smoothed down his gray locks.

"Well," resumed Franklin, "after our conversation of last night, I returned home, went to bed, and dreamed—that I was dead. Shortly I found myself in that Paradise where the soul of the departed enjoy imperishable happiness and repose. The gate-keeper of that Eden asked me whether I was desirous to see any of the spirits of the blessed; and I made the reply that I much desired to be led where the philosophers were wont to meet. 'There are two,' replied the guardian, 'who much frequent a spot close by. They are most intimate neighbors, and take much pleasure in each other's society.' 'Who are they?' said I. 'Socrates and Helvetius,' was the guardian's reply. 'I have an equal esteem for both of them; but lead me first to Helvetius, for though I speak French, I am not a master of the Greek language.' Helvetius received me in the most friendly manner. He questioned me eagerly upon the present state of religious matters in France, and on the political subjects which most engaged the attention of Europe. But I, who had imagined he would have been more anxious to be informed upon matters that concerned him more nearly, and surprised that he made no inquiries about you, interrupted him at length in his interrogatories, and exclaimed, 'But, good Heaven! have you no desire to know how fares your old faithful friend and partner in life, Madame Helvetius?—she who still loves you with such affectionate constancy! Scarcely an hour since I was in her house at Auteuil, and had the most convincing evidence of the undiminished interest and devotion with which she regards you, and cherishes your memory.'

"'Ah!' said he—'you speak of my former matrimonial felicity. We must learn to forget those things here if we would be happy. For many years I thought of nothing else; she was constantly before my mind, and even here I felt desolate. But at length I have found a consolation for the loss of her society. I have married another charming woman, and it would have been impossible to find one who resembled more my first wife than her on whom my choice has fallen. She is not so handsome, it is true, as was my former spouse; but she is gifted with as much feeling and intellect, and loves me tenderly. She has, indeed, no thought but to please me and to render me happy. Stay awhile with me and you shall soon behold her.'

"Upon this I resumed: 'I perceive very clearly that your first wife is infinitely more true and constant than you are. Since your death she has had several very advantageous offers of marriage, but she refused them all. I will candidly confess to you that—I loved her myself with the most intense affection, but she remained cold and insensible to all my entreaties, all my arguments; in fact, she refused my hand from love for you.'

"'I am exceedingly sorry to hear that she was so unreasonable, and pity her inconsiderate willfulness; for she was indeed a most excellent and truly loveable woman.'

"At these words Madame Helvetius made her appearance, and in her I recognized—imagine, only, who I saw before me? No other person than Madame Franklin! my old faithful American friend and wife! On the instant I laid claim to her as belonging to me, but in a cold and somewhat repulsive tone she said: 'For forty years and four months—nearly half a century—I was your wife. Best satisfied with that, I have here formed another alliance which will endure forever.' Deeply chagrined to be rejected in so cold a manner by my departed wife, I immediately resolved to quit such ungrateful spirits. I longed to return to our planet and behold once more the sun, and *you!* Say, shall we not avenge ourselves for such inconstancy?"

But the charming widow of Auteuil was by no means disposed to avenge in such a manner the faithlessness of the spirits which the American philosopher's brain had so vividly impressed upon him in his dream. Her determination to remain single had long been an unalterable resolve. Had such not been the case, it may be readily believed she would have hesitated before she rejected an offer that conferred with it so much honor, and which, had she accepted, would have bestowed upon her a name equally celebrated in two quarters of the globe.

As they sat opposite to each other at the open window, it was not without a certain degree of emotion that she gazed on the earnest, truthful countenance of him who spoke to her so frankly, and, with a cheerful hopefulness of soul at once so tender, so affectionate! She appreciated at their full value the high esteem and the sincere friendship of which he had given her proof so incontestible in the solicitation for her hand. Neither in his manner nor his words had Benjamin Franklin made himself ridiculous. There was nothing of the love-sick dotard in his demeanor. Before her sat a sage, who spoke deeply impressed with the conviction that, in all the circumstances, and in every stage of life, no partner was so desirable and indispensable as a wife who was fitted to embellish our existence, to give twofold increase to our happiness, to alleviate the cares and sweeten the bitter anxieties which are our inevitable fate, however highly or lowly cast; and, if destined to survive her husband, to make his death-bed one of peaceful resignation.

On the previous evening, in discourse with Madame Helvetius, Franklin had, indeed, purposely adverted to, and eventually dwelt with much earnestness upon, the propriety of her entering again the marriage state; but in doing so, whether from timidity or forethought, he had expressed his opinion in a general point of view only, without in the least permitting his own personal sentiments towards her to betray themselves. Nor in truth, during that conversation, whether from less vanity than most of her sex, or a less share of that innate perspicuity in matters of the heart which most women possess, she had not in the remotest degree detected the deep interest he felt in the counsel he advised with such tranquil yet earnest eloquence.

But now, the amiable widow's eyes became suffused with tears; she leaned her arm on the window-cushion, and buried her face in her hand.

"Come, then," exclaimed Franklin, after a short silence, "come, then, charming lady of Auteuil, let us both avenge ourselves."

"Wist! listen! my dear friend, listen!" said Madame Helvetius, in a low tone, and in an attitude of attention. "Do not speak, for I hear voices in discourse close to us."

Both gently rose from their seats, and putting aside as gently the foliage of the lime-tree branches that obstructed somewhat their hearing and view of what was passing in the garden beneath, they beheld there, seated on a stone bench immediately under the window, Franklin's valet, Dick, in close discourse with Annette, the daughter of Madame Helvetius's gardener, a young maiden of seventeen, and a by no means unattractive specimen of those dark-eyed daughters of France, frequently to be met with among the peasant girls of the environs of Paris, whose rustic beauty is not a little enhanced by the charm of a costume at once simple and picturesque.

Between the leaves of the lime-tree both Franklin and Madame Helvetius remarked that the heads of the two young people were so closely inclined to each other, that the fair hair of the American almost touched the black braided tresses of the maiden of Auteuil.

"Let me go, Monsieur Richard!" said the damsel, the light-olive complexion of her sunny cheeks suffused the while with a richer blush of red. "If madame knew that you were following me so, she would be sure to discharge me from her service. Let me go, I beseech you. Oh! I must go! There, don't you hear! I think my father called me to water his peas. Yes, and besides, I have not yet made the cheese for madame, nor yet skimmed the last night's milk!"

Nevertheless, Annette rose not from the bench on which she was seated. But that might be accounted for by the circumstances that Richard, though without the least effort to detain her, had put his arm round her slender waist, doubtless to prevent her escaping.

On witnessing so much undue familiarity on the part of his servant, Franklin evinced great uneasiness, and from a sentiment of virtuous indignation his cheek became crimson red. He was about to speak in anger to the thoughtless young couple, when Madame Helvetius, putting her small white hand over his mouth, compelled him to silence, and to listen further.

"You will not understand me, Annette," was Richard's reply to the maiden. "What I say to you, I would as openly say in the presence of Madame Helvetius and Monsieur Franklin. Go, call your father, if you will, and I will speak before him. It is far from my thoughts to wrong you; but in all sincerity I would marry you."

The young girl inclined her pretty head in silence, and as though her inmost heart responded in sympathy to the frank avowal of the young man's sentiments towards her, the slight motion made by the neat little foot that mechanically rubbed up the gravel path on which it rested, brought her somewhat yet closer to Richard. No further reply from her was needed.

"Well, then," continued the young man, "we will be married. I will open my mind to Monsieur Franklin. He will speak to Madame Helvetius, and then both will arrange matters with your father."

"Are you really in earnest, Richard? You wish to marry me?"

"In all truth and earnest I mean it, dear Annette. We will go to America, and you will see that it is the finest country in the whole world. Monsieur Franklin will give us some land, which I will cultivate. We shall be free there, and live content and happy. Oh, my dear Annette! if you but knew my magnificent native land! how gloriously the sun rises above our forests, you would long, as ardently as I do, to be there; and the sooner the better, for I am sure you will learn to love it as I do. Compared to the grandeur of our rivers, your Seine and Rhone are mere insignificant brooklets; and in any one of our lakes you might sink all Paris, and not a vestige of it would be seen. Say but the word, Annette, and before Monsieur Franklin leaves the house, all may be settled."

"How?" said the maiden; her dark, soft eyes expanding with an expression of astonishment, and her whole countenance breathing, as it were, the doubt and curiosity which Richard's description of his native land had awakened in her simple mind; above all, at hearing of lakes in which all Paris would disappear, without leaving a trace of it. "Are there, then, such grand and beautiful things in your country?"

"Yes, Annette, indeed; and God knows that I speak the truth."

"And is there then also, there, a duck-pond, like here at Auteuil?"

"What! the duck-pond at Auteuil? That little pool of water you pass by at the entrance of the village—that mere ditch, planted round with sickly trees, and full of nothing else but frogs and toads?'

"Yes, yes," resumed the village lass, withdrawing herself gently from Richard's circling arm. "A duck-pond like here, in Auteuil?"

"But, Annette! how can you then think of that duck-pond? You surely do not love me; and there is some young man in the village whom you like better than me."

"No, Richard. But the duck-pond of Auteuil is more to my taste than your great lakes in which you seem to have a fancy to put all Paris; and then your rivers, as compared to which the Seine—my loved, beautiful Seine—the river of my native land, is but an insignificant brooklet! Richard, I will be your wife; but you must remain in Auteuil!'

"What, Annette? You would have me leave Monsieur Franklin? Have me abandon forever my native land? That would be as though you would have me desert from the flag of my country! You would surely never require such a sacrifice from me, Annette? Reflect only a little that my country has need of all her citizens, however humble their station. That England, which could not crush us out, may again become our enemy. Good heaven! what would Monsieur Franklin say to such a thing, were I to tell him I would not return with him to America? Annette! I love you; I would willingly lay down my life for you, if my country had no call for it. Annette! there is yet something greater, something higher than love, than happiness; and that is the duty which we owe to the land that gave us birth. But you—you are not so situated. What can withhold you? France has no need of you, a humble maiden. You can leave your native land, and your absence would never be remarked; you, whose name is perhaps not known beyond Auteuil, and who never can render any service to your country."

"You are in error, Richard!" replied the maiden, rising from the seat, and assuming a graceful dignity of attitude that struck Richard with astonishment, as, with the spontaneous impulse of all her genial nature, she exclaimed, "I, too, love my country—our beautiful France! And I will that my children, should it please God that I have any, shall love it too, as I do! Have you never heard in your America of that maiden of France, the humble village girl of Domremy, who delivered our land, too, from the yoke of those proud English, against whom you have fought? Duty, you say, calls you back to America. My happiness binds me to France. You love your lakes, your rivers, your forests; I love the duck-pond of Auteuil, on whose banks I was born. As a child, I sported by that pond-side; and those sickly trees, of which you spoke with such contempt, were witnesses to the pleasures of my youth. Adieu, Monsieur Richard! Fare ye well! I must go water my father's peas, make the cheese for Madame Helvetius, and skim last night's milk."

With the native grace of her countrywomen, she curtsied slightly and slowly to her dumb-stricken and bewildered American lover; then, turning from the spot in visible emotion, and eyes suffused with irrepressible tears, she hastened to the kitchen-garden, where her father had been engaged all the morning with his watering-pot.

"My dear friend," said Madame Helvetius to Franklin, "*you* are a more valuable citizen than Richard; at least *you* are more useful to and needed by your country than he. Will you—can you resolve to give up your America entirely? Will you end your days in France, near the duck-pond of Auteuil, far away from your great rivers, your immense lakes, your sun that rises so gloriously over your virgin forests? *I*, for my part—I think like Annette. I prefer the little, insignificant duck-pond of Auteuil, to that new world that you have contributed so much to enfranchise. Your narrative of the dream is as charming as it was ingenious," she added; "but, my dear friend, what say you to the little narrative we have just heard together?"

Franklin spoke not. After a short pause, in which he seemed to be collecting himself, he raised the hand of the woman he loved to his lips, kissed it with respectful tenderness, and immediately sought the apartment of the physician, Cabanis, who was to prescribe for him the regimen he was to follow during the long voyage across the Atlantic, in alleviation of the suffering he always experienced on the passage.

Annette left neither the duck-pond of Auteuil, nor France. But, after the lapse of twelve months, she married one of her neighbors, who, in 1789, joined the army, and was accompanied by her on the march to the frontiers. Under the Empire, Annette played a brilliant *role;* and her husband fell gloriously on the field of honor in 1812.

As far as relates to Madame Helvetius, "the good lady of Auteuil" proved herself constant both to her predilection for that quiet village and her resolution to remain a widow. Her house was still the favorite resort of the most distinguished men of the day. Benjamin Franklin had for successors Turgot, Garat, Destut-Tracy, and Bernardin de Saint Pierre (the author of the beautiful story of "Paul and Virginia.") When Bonaparte, then First Consul, was walking one day with her in her garden, she said to him, "General, you do not know how happy one can live on a small patch of this globe of scarcely three acres!" Those were truthful words from the lips of a woman who had rejected the hand of Benjamin Franklin, and preferred to live and die in a modest retirement, in which, sustained throughout by the noble impulses of a kindly heart and gifted intellect, the love of her country was, next to that of God, the constant aspiration of her gentle soul.

*The experiments by which he established the scientific fact that electricity and lightning are the same are, as described by himself, singularly interesting. He made a kite of a silk handkerchief, and sent it up into the air, with an ordinary key fastened to the end of a hempen string, by which he held the kite in his hand. His son watched with him the results. Clouds came and passed, and at length lightning came. It agitated the hempen cord, and emitted sparks from the key, which gave him a slight electrical shock. Thus was the discovery made; the identity of lightning with electricity was clearly manifested, and Franklin was so overcome by his feelings at the discovery that he said he could willingly at that moment have died.

SOONER OR LATER.

Sooner or later the storms shall beat
Over my slumbers from head to feet;
Sooner or later the winds shall rave
In the long grass above my grave.

I shall not heed them where I lie,
Nothing their sounds shall signify,
Nothing the headstone's fret of rain,
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine
With tender warmth on that mound of mine;
Sooner or later, in summer air,
Clover and violet blossom there.

I shall not feel in that deep laid rest
The sheeted light fall over my breast,
Nor ever note in those hidden hours
The wind-blown breath of tossing flowers.

Sooner or later the stainless snows
Shall add their hush to my mute repose;
Sooner or later shall slant and shift,
And heap my bed with their dazzling drift.

Chill though that frozen pall shall seem,
Its touch no colder can make the dream
That reeks not sweet and sacred dread
Shrouding the city of the dead.

Sooner or later the bee shall come
And fill the noon with his golden hum;
Sooner or later on half paused wing
The blue-bird's warble about me ring—

Ring and chirrup and whistle with glee,
Nothing his music means to me:
None of these beautiful things shall know
How soundly their lover sleeps below.

Sooner or later, far out in the night,
The stars over me shall wing their flight;
Sooner or later my darkling dews
Catch the white spark in the silver ooze.

Never a ray shall part the gloom
That wraps me round in the kindly tomb;
Peace shall be perfect for lip and brow—
Sooner or later—oh, why not now!

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XVI.

Good-night! But not to sleep. Grey morning stole on, grey and chill, and seeming as if the dull, dark twilight were the only advance it intended to make for some hours. Mr. Etheredge rose from his sleepless pillow, and Adriana found him pacing up and down the school-room, where an early breakfast was prepared for her.

She had said good-bye to every one the night before, had begged that no one might be disturbed in the morning on her account. She would prefer it.

The snow was still upon the ground, but none had fallen during the last few days, and it was beginning to melt away, leaving here and there large green patches. A slow thaw had set in, and the cold seemed more penetrating than even a keen frost.

"An uncomfortable morning for your journey, Miss Linden," said Mr. Etheredge.

"One cannot expect fine weather at this season," returned Adriana, pouring out a cup of coffee. Mr. Etheredge paused in his perambulations, and seated himself at the table.

"I think I will take a cup of coffee, too, Miss Linden."

She poured out one, and gave it to him; and breakfast, such as it was, for Adriana felt little inclination to eat, proceeded in silence. At last it came to an end. "Half-past seven," said Mr. Etheredge, consulting his watch; "if you start at a quarter-past eight you will have some minutes to spare at the station."

"I like being in good time," replied Adriana.

"Eight o'clock then," said Mr. Etheredge. "And now, Miss Linden," he continued, "may I ask a few minutes of your time?"

"Certainly," answered Adriana, wondering what Mr. Etheredge could have to say to her.

But Mr Etheredge, having obtained the desired permission, did not exactly know how to make use of it.

"I am afraid you have sometimes thought me extremely uncivil, Miss Linden, disagreeable, almost impertinent, in trying to read your thoughts and motives?"

Adriana was silent.

"Will you give me your true opinion? I shall be obliged for it."

"I have thought so sometimes," answered Adriana.

Mr. Etheredge went on:

"I have watched you closely: I ought to ask your pardon for so doing, but I was interested. I felt that there was some mystery connected—"

Adriana started, and the color flushed into her face.

"My affairs can be of importance to myself alone," said she; "I do not see why you should wish to understand them."

"Neither do I. But I became interested, and consequently watchful. It was from no desire to annoy you," he added, seeing that Adriana's color went and came. "Pardon me if I distress you."

"I do not comprehend what right—" she began.

"No right at all; let us set that question aside. You were an enigma to me that I was determined to solve. You were partly aware of it, and resolved that I should not be satisfied. We had a mutual distrust, and were in a measure at war. Are we at peace now?"

"I suppose so," returned Adriana, more and more perplexed; "but surely it is unnecessary to recall the past. The present is the only needful consideration. I leave Etheredge Court today; never to be heard of by its inmates again; and my only desire is, that I should fade away from their memories. I leave acknowledging the kindness that I have met with here. No more need be said."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Linden, but I cannot agree with you. You have promised to hear what I have to say, and the time is not up yet. I must go on from where I left off. I watched you closely; I knew there was some struggle going on in your mind, but I knew also that whatever it was, the right would in the end triumph. No, I must go on," said he, as he saw Adriana prepared to interrupt. "I grew more observant, more interested; I found in you a woman different from any I had seen or imagined. My prejudices broke fairly down, and I began to believe that a woman might be sensible, yet not disagreeable, clever, yet not pedantic. In fact—in short, Miss Linden, though I scarcely knew it until a few hours ago—I loved you."

There was a pause, Mr. Etheredge stood with his arms folded, looking steadfastly at Adriana, who had risen as he spoke, and now stood facing him, her figure drawn up to its full height.

"And I suppose, Mr. Etheredge, you expect me to be obliged for your great condescension?"

"I do not expect it, Miss Linden."

"What do you expect? What do you intend me to answer?"

"I have asked for no answer yet; I do not ask for one. What I have said must be so unlooked-for by you, that you cannot be prepared to give me the answer I wish. Will you not think of what I have said, and if—"

But Adriana interrupted him.

"Think!" said she, scornfully. "What should I think of Mr. Etheredge, who by his own confession, has sought to discover what he knew I would have kept unknown—the conflict that he saw was going on, but that I endeavored not to betray? And so he dogged my footsteps, and tried by every means to solve an enigma, that baffled—that amused him."

"Amused! Miss Linden!"

But she went on.

"Was it kind? Was it generous? I knew that you looked down upon me, that you distrusted me, that you doubted Mrs. Braddick's wisdom in entrusting her children to my care. You have acted the part of a spy, and now you ask me to believe—"

"That as I have made an honest confession in one case, there is no reason to doubt my doing so in the other."

Adriana looked up for a moment; Mr. Etheredge had not moved, he was still gazing steadily at her, his lips were compressed, but not a muscle in his face stirred, and his eyes had the same quiet, searching expression that had so often annoyed Adriana before, and which she could scarcely meet. All the old antagonism flashed up.

"Mr. Etheredge," she began, then suddenly she stopped; a new thought struck her that arrested her in her scornful utterance, and in a lower tone she said,—"And did you find out—do you know—?"

"I do."

The voice was so full of affirmation, that Adriana did not wait to ask how, or how much, Mr. Etheredge knew. It brought with it the conviction that her past history to all intents and purposes was at least clearly guessed at.

"You think I have done wrong in staying here?"

He made no reply, and Adriana, taking his silence for an affirmative answer, felt all her irritation return.

"Mr. Etheredge, I hate you!"

The words were spoken sharply and quickly, and Mr. Etheredge was moved at last. He drew nearer to her, he put his hand upon her arm.

"Miss Linden, I cannot, I will not, believe you."

She shook his hand off.

"It is but doubting my truth as you have always done," answered she, regaining her coolness as her companion lost his. "This interview has lasted too long, I must go now."

And she left him. He stood for some minutes as though paralysed; he heard the carriage come to the door, he heard Adriana's step descending the staircase,—one moment more, and she would be gone. He hastened rapidly down stairs, seized the first hat and coat that came in his way.

"Stop!" said he to the coachman, "I wish to try the new horse myself," and he mounted to the box.

Adriana scarcely saw him at the station, nor did he intrude upon her notice. He quietly watched her into the train, and then took his seat in the next carriage. Little did she suspect at the end of her long journey that Mr. Etheredge had not left her until he had seen her drive off with good Mr. Davis from the station near Silverdale.

CHAPTER XVII.

Adriana scarcely spoke during the long drive home, for home she felt it was: the stray lamb was returning to the fold as good Mrs. Davis had suggested, humbled and partly penitent, despite the flash of pride that had made her so scornful but that very morning. Indeed, pondering over that morning on her dreary journey, she had seen reason to disbelieve the strong assertion she had made, and to feel that possibly of the half-brothers she had latterly taken more interest in observing the movements of Mr. Etheredge than of Mr. Braddick.

As they drew nearer to the old homestead the steady old horse quickened his pace, well knowing that she was wending towards comfortable quarters.

"They'll be glad to see you, Adrie," said Mr. Davis; "the mistress has been fretting over you more than once, I can tell you, though it was none of her fault that you flitted from Silverdale. There's some one over and above the old party there now," continued he, "but I'm not to tell secrets."

"Have you visitors?" asked Adriana, half annoyed at the prospect of having to meet strangers.

"Yes and no," replied Mr. Davis, mysteriously; "there's only one, and he's not exactly a visitor, and yet he is but, dear, dear, what am I talking about? I shall be letting out everything before the time, so don't ask me anything more. It's some one you won't mind in the least, so you must be satisfied with that."

And on they drove in silence, through the snow, with the wintry wind whistling sadly through the leafless branches, and the moon giving just light enough to shape the snow-heaps into ghastly forms that seemed to nod and nod as the old-fashioned gig jogged by.

"Ho, Dobbin, lad, on, on,—it's only the old milestone; never be afraid of an old friend, though to be sure it's something of a new face upon it," said Mr. Davis, as Dobbin showed symptoms of refusing to pass a tall white column that stood where he had never seen a white column standing before. "The boys have been giving it a new hat, that's all, you foolish beast; see, there's the house. How jolly the light shines out through the windows! They've not put the shutters to yet. Ah, it's not a bad thing on a cold, raw night like this, to know that at your journey's end there's a blazing fire awaiting you. I can almost hear it crackle. And there's Katy fluttering past the window,—

did you see her? They hear the wheels. Wo, Dobbin lad, wo! what's come over you to-night? Never fear the light," said Mr. Davis, as the door opened, and the light streamed far out into the darkness, and fell in softened rays upon the great snow-covered laurel bushes and the snow-fringed firs.

"Has she come?" cried out Mrs. Davis and Katy together. "My poor child, how cold you must be," and kind Mrs. Davis drew Adriana into the comfortable summer-parlor, doubly comfortable now for the great spluttering, sparkling logs, that spluttered up showers of fiery sparks, and sent a ruddy glow over the chintz covers, and added an additional lustre to the beads in Rebekah's presents, thereby making them seem all the more magnificent. "Draw the curtains, Katy, and ring for tea; there's nothing so comfortable after a journey as a good cup of tea: it sets one right at once. But, oh, child, how thin and pale you are! My mind misgave me when you went away, and you look as if you had been in sore trouble."

"Don't say anything now, mother," whispered Katy. "Come, Adria, and take off your bonnet." And the two went up the wide staircase, and through the narrow passage to Katy's bedroom. Another, opening out of it, was prepared for Adriana. She sat down by the fire, and suffered Katy to divest her of her wrappings.

Kate proceeded with her task in silence.

"Who is staying here?" asked Adriana abruptly.

"No one," returned Katy, looking up in surprise.

"No one!" repeated Adriana, somewhat astonished. "What did your father mean? He told me I should find some one who was a stranger and who was not."

"Oh," said Katy, becoming deeply absorbed with a refractory button, "I suppose he meant Arth—Mr. Clinton, our curate; I dare say he did."

"Never mind the button, I can unfasten it without half so much trouble; you are quite red with your exertions. Just look up, and tell me all about Mr. Clinton."

Katy did not look up, she looked down, and murmured something about "the rector being unable to do all the duty of the parish himself."

"I don't want to hear about the rector, Katy, I want to know all about Mr. Clinton, and how it is that he is no stranger. Have you known him long?"

"Five months to-day," answered truthful Katy.

"What an exact account you have kept. And when are you going to be married?"

"Adria!" exclaimed Katy, in astonishment, "who told you?"

"Yourself, my dear little cousin. I'm very, very glad," said Adriana, throwing her arms round Katy, and giving the blushing cheek a long, congratulatory kiss. "What a good little wife you will be."

"Oh," returned Katy, "we've only been engaged three weeks, and I am afraid I am not half good enough."

"Nonsense! I believe you are a great deal too good."

"You have not seen Mr. Clinton?" said Katy protestingly.

"No, but I am going to see him, and shall doubtless find him of my opinion. Is he down stairs? I must hasten my toilet, for we are keeping tea waiting."

"I think he has just come; I heard the door open."

"Quick ears, Katy! Well, then, have quick feet also, and I will follow you in a minute."

And, when Katy had left the room, Adriana flung off her remaining wraps. She did not look into the glass as she smoothed her hair.

"I am past all vanities now," she said; "how old I feel: Katy seems like a daughter to me." And she went down into the cosy parlor where Mr. Clinton was already seated.

He rose at her entrance: a grave earnest-looking man, certainly ten years older than herself, quiet in manner, but very self-possessed. Quite different from the picture that Adriana had drawn of a young curate fresh from college, boyishly attempting an extra display of dignity, and boyishly failing in the attempt. His dress tended to carry out the impression he produced. His coat was cut after the manner of a Roman Catholic priest, his waistcoat, buttoned close up to his throat, left but a narrow white margin that passed for a collar. His dark hair was cropped as close as it could be without incurring the charge of disfigurement, and not a particle of whisker relieved his sallow cheek. His features were well formed, and the slight contraction perceptible in the strongly-marked eyebrows was strangely counterbalanced by the peculiarly sweet smile that from time to time played round his mouth. There was something decidedly striking about his whole appearance, and the question rose in Adriana's mind, "How came such a man to fancy my simple little cousin?" followed by another question, "How came joyous-hearted little Katy to fancy such a man?"

Very much perplexed too was Adriana at the perfect ease with which he inspired the Silverdale family. Good Mrs. Davis talked as naturally as ever, and Mr. Clinton not merely listened, but appeared amused and interested. Mr. Davis spoke of his crops and of agricultural matters, and Mr. Clinton answered with intelligence. Perhaps he did it to please Katy. But here was another perplexity; a change had come over Katy also, she was as light-hearted and joyous as ever, but a half-unconscious sense of responsibility had stolen over, and given a certain amount of dignity to the young girl that was very far from unbecoming. In fact, in that homely parlor and amongst those three unpretending persons there was a degree of refined politeness that would have done no disgrace to any society.

Adriana overlooked several native elements which would have gone far to dispel her perplexity. They were all three natural and unselfish, there was no self-consciousness and no pretension about them; moreover, they were thoroughly in earnest in all they said or did. With them a kind word sprang from a kind thought, and there were no honeyed phrases and set conventionalities when the heart was far away. But Adriana overlooked all this, and so she wondered.

Was there anything Jesuitical about Mr. Clinton? Perhaps he half divined her thoughts, for he looked at her interrogatively, and Adriana felt that she had been taking too copious notes of him.

"I suppose the snow was lying all along the lines, Adria?" said Mr. Davis.

"Yes, I've seen nothing but snow since daylight this morning"

"You have had a long journey then, Miss Linden?" said Mr. Clinton.

"From near Winsford," answered Adriana.

"Winsford!" repeated Mr. Clinton, "I have a second or third cousin living somewhere near Winsford. It would be odd if you should have happened to meet with him: Richard Etheredge, of Etheredge Court."

"Why, that's where Arria has been," interposed Katy.

"I did not know that Richard had ever married," said Mr. Clinton, turning to Adriana. "I find I shall have to learn particulars respecting my own kith and kin from a stranger, but I have seen nothing of my cousin since our college days, and later events have kept us separated. How long has Mr. Etheredge been married?"

"He is not married," answered Adriana, forcing herself to speak: then she paused; Mr. Clinton might not like to hear that Katy's cousin had earned her own bread. She looked half hesitatingly at the well-bred gentleman before her, and then at Katy. Simple Katy seemed to have gained in perceptive faculties; she came to the rescue at once.

"My cousin Adria," she said, with quiet dignity, "was teaching Mrs. Braddick's children." She, too, looked up at Mr. Clinton, for Adriana's hesitation brought a sudden doubt to her mind also. Mr. Clinton returned her glance, and the sweet smile satisfactorily answered her momentary doubt.

"But I am more astray than ever," pursued Mr. Clinton, "for I have never heard of Mrs. Braddick. Will you kindly enlighten me, Miss Linden?"

"Mr. Etheredge's mother married twice."

"Yes, but her second husband's name was Cunningham, and there was one son, I remember, by the second marriage,—Charles, I think his name was—and he was a good deal abroad at one time, and then he married. His wife was a very handsome woman, I have heard. But I did not know that there was a daughter."

"Mr. Cunningham took the name of Braddick in order to succeed to some property," replied Adriana.

"Ah! that accounts then," said Mr. Clinton, as if following out some train of thought. "I see. But, Miss Linden, how is my relative? And what do you think of Etheredge Court? a fine old place, is it not? though it does not seem to suit Mr. Ethredge, for I heard the other day in a curious, roundabout way, that the place was going to be sold to a Mr. ———, I could not remember the name till you mentioned the name of Braddick, and now I see it all. And, by the way," continued he, turning to Mr. Davis, without waiting for Adriana's answers to his queries, "what sort of a place is Trenholm? for it was added, though I never thought of it again, that Mr. Etheredge was in treaty for the Trenholm estate. How far is that from here?"

"Not much over fifteen miles," returned Mr. Davis. The house is old, and wants a good deal of repair. A handsome house enough in its time, but maybe any new comer would pull it down and build a new one"

"Richard won't, if he's at all like his old self."

"Ah," said Mr. Davis, "I should be glad if it fell into hands that would care for it; I'm sorry to see the old places swept away. I've known Trenholm Hall for well-nigh fifty years, and I should miss it like an old friend. The squire and I were friends in years gone by, and he was a kind man in the main, but wasteful and extravagant, and so he went to the dogs. But there's never an ill word for him on the estate to this day. It's been lying in the hands of the lawyers, with now and then a shooting tenant, and it's only just been offered for sale."

"It is strange, Miss Linden," resumed Mr. Clinton, "how one finds links everywhere binding the great human family together. I never went to any place without finding some one who knew of some friend or acquaintance of mine. It seems as if one were fettered down to an interest in others from which one could not by any possibility escape. Each individual has his appointed place, none is too insignificant. We cannot all be prominent or even noticeable by the general eye, but the smallest nail is as much a part of the stately vessel, and as necessary in its degree, as the broad sail or the tall mast. It has a certain duty to perform, and none can measure what effect the removal of a single nail might produce. And so it appears to me with humanity. When I get into an idle mood, Miss Linden, I sometimes speculate upon the difference to the world the slightest action of mine might make. Some would tell you it would make no difference to the world at large whether I go out to-morrow or stay at home. I think otherwise. I believe that no action, however trivial, is without its sequences, which are multiplied *ad infinitum*.

"Then," said Adriana, who had been listening attentively, "you believe that man by the exercise of his will has power to change the course of events. That, if he does so and so, certain effects follow; that, if he takes an opposite course, the result will be just the reverse. And do you think he can do this, and that he is not bound down in an appointed path?"

"I have not gone quite deep enough to come to grave conclusions," answered Mr. Clinton. "The question would require some limit on either side; and I suppose," he added, looking at his watch, "that it will be too late to decide upon our premises: but," he concluded in a more serious tone, as he bade her good-night, "I believe that into whatsoever paths we turn, and with whatsoever events we meet, there is an over-ruling Providence working all things together for good to those who love Him. And let us remember that it is not always in the smoothest paths or under the most cloudless skies that His voice makes itself most distinctly heard." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Two Free Church ministers from parishes not far apart drove within a short distance of a toll-bar in Inverness, Scotland, approaching from opposite directions. Having stopped their gigs, the ministers got out and walked through the toll bar, when each seconded the other's vehicle and drove away, to repeat the same dexterous manœuvre on the Monday following, to the amazement as well as amusement of the toll-keeper, who found himself thus bamboozled of two fares. "Be ye wise as serpents," &c.

☞ Governor Sutter, the discoverer of gold in California, is supported by a state pension; Comstock, who gave his name to the great silver lode in Nevada, is a vagrant in Montana; Gould, of the Gould & Curry claim, is a shingle-maker at Washoe; and many other names might be similarly mentioned.

☞ Life is a strange avenue of trees and flowers. Its beginning is edged with violets, a little path of downy grass and soft to tiny feet. Dark shadows soon hover among autumn's mellow tints; the soil grows damp; the air is chill; night cometh on apace.

A Strange Character.

Thirty-six years ago last August there died in one of the narrow and gloomy cells of the Kennebec county jail, in Augusta, Me., a man whose noble mien and strange history attracted the attention and commanded the fees of nearly every man, woman and child who visited that village, and had time to behold so singular an object and listen to his tragical narration. This was the venerable Henry McCausland. In that stone cell, "solitary and alone," he spent a life of *thirty six years*—between the ages of 36 and 72—awaiting, and all the time earnestly *demanding* the sentence of death, for the crime of wilful murder—a sentence which, though he was found unqualifiedly "*guilty*" in court, was never pronounced upon him. His person was one of the noblest specimens of the genus homo—full six feet in height, well proportioned in body and limbs, straight, erect, with a kindly countenance and a flowing beard of snowy whiteness, which for all that time had felt only the friendly salutations of a huge horse-mane comb. Like the beard of the great Hebrew priest, it "went down to the skirts of his garment." It was not common or fashionable then, as it is now, for his modern imitators to exhibit such barbarian, because unbarbered, visages; and consequently his Jewish physiognomy was a terror to juveniles and a wonder to all.

The circumstances of his long life imprisonment, without sentence or execution of legal punishment, were singular, and will bear a narration even at the present day.

Henry McCausland was a millwright in Gardiner. He was a patriot of the Revolution, and served his country well in the war of independence. During a violent religious excitement, produced by certain New Lights, he became a convert; and his impressions were so strong that he thought he held direct spiritual communication with the Almighty, who required him, in order to insure his final favor, to make a *burnt offering* and a *sacrifice*. On every other subject but that of religion he was perfectly rational; but on this he was perfectly deluded; in fact, a monomaniac. For a time he resisted the heavenly calling; but the more he resisted, the clearer were his visions and the thicker came the texts of Scripture which urged him to "obey God rather than man." But what should be his burnt offering? and where should he find the victim for sacrifice? These were revealed to him in this wise: There was an English Episcopal church in Gardiner, built by its legalized patron, William Gardiner, for whose name the town was called. This church, in the phraseology of the New Lights, was a child of the Mother of Harlots, the church of Rome. It was a proud, scornful enemy of true religion and of its revivals. The edifice where Satan had his sanctuary must needs be put out of the way; that, therefore, was doomed for a burnt offering. Accordingly, on the night of 22d of August, 1793, he filled a child's shoe with live coals and repaired to the church, which he soon succeeded in burning to the ground.

The same patron of the church had no wife, but a married woman who kept his house, and who, as McCausland believed, had given birth to three illegitimate children by the church patron, thereby committing the "unpardonable sin" against the three persons of the blessed Trinity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Evidently *she* was the proper victim for the sacrifice. It happened upon a certain night in October, this woman, Mrs. Warren, was called to watch with a sick sister up the Cobbossee stream. Thither he repaired at midnight, by means of his canoe, entered the house and sick room without ceremony, and proceeded to the discharge of his pious duty. Mrs. Warren was partially reclining by the side of her sick sister, supporting her aching head upon her own bosom. McCausland had taken no weapon or instrument of death with him, knowing that if the Lord had called him to make the sacrifice, he would provide him with the means; and so, casting his eyes over the head-board, he espied a newly-sharpened butcher-knife stuck to the beam; "and then," said he, "all I had to do was to take the knife down with one hand, while I seized her head with the other, and drew it sharply across her throat; and she bled to death like a stuck calf!"

He had now fulfilled his mission, and cheerfully surrendered himself to suffer the penalty of the law. This was a part of the programme which he coveted as much as the other performance. He wanted to "suffer for righteousness'" sake, and thus go to heaven as a reward for obeying the command of God. He was immediately arrested; the grand jury found a bill of indictment against him of murder in the first degree, and he was brought before the full bench of the Supreme Court and arraigned for trial. When the clerk read the indictment to him, and at its conclusion required him to say whether he plead *guilty or not guilty* to the charge, with a clear voice and an honest face, he responded, "Guilty!"

The judges, believing that the man was more of a monomaniac than a base murderer, did not wish to put in that plea, but desired that he should plead *not* guilty, in order that the jury might bring in such a verdict as would authorize the court to pronounce a sentence of perpetual confinement rather than that of death, which, as the law then was, could be obviated only by executive pardon, that would not be safe in his case. And so the chief justice said to him that he was not bound to plead *guilty* to the charge; *that* was a thing for the *government to prove;* and he earnestly advised him to withdraw the plea he had made, and instead thereof put in the plea of *not guilty*.

"What!" exclaimed the prisoner, McCausland, "would the honorable justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts advise me to *lie* to their honors? I *did* kill the woman; I *meant* to kill her; I *am* guilty, and want to suffer the penalty."

What could the court do? They could not feel it their duty to order him hung; and after consultation, directed the sheriff to take the prisoner to the jail whence he came, and leave him there to *await his sentence*. And there he stayed in that murderer's cell *awaiting sentence* from Oct. 20, 1794, to Aug. 22, 1829, a period which, after a year of confinement before trial, wanted only two months of *thirty-six years*, when death released him from a prison that had so long been his solitary home, and from a world whose bright sun and green fields he had not seen for more than one-third of a century.

As often as the court sat during all that time, he never failed to send word to the judges by his jailer, respectfully requesting them to explain why they neglected their duty in his case, and demanding that they should pronounce the sentence due him; but the court could only renew at every session its instruction to the sheriff to keep him where he was awaiting sentence.

He was an object of great curiosity. All the exercise he had was to pace the floor of his narrow cell, which he did at regular hours. He kept himself and his dungeon exceedingly clean. He washed and combed himself thrice a day, read his Bible systematically, and by the use of other books and of newspapers which were given him, kept up with the passing history of the times. The narration which he gave to visitors, the prayers which he offered to God and the hymns which he so musically sung were all well composed and well expressed. His health never failed him till the last month of his existence.

When visitors called to see him—and they were many—he would stand concealed under the front wall of his cell, beside the little grated window, as they approached it to look in, and would not exhibit himself till a hand was thrust through with two cents in it, which he would receive as his customary fee, and then he would present his noble form with all its manly beauty and dignity. Stroking down his long white beard, after saluting his visitor, he would begin to relate the circumstances of his murder with all the soberness and pious air of an Old Testament patriarch; then he would pray a fervent prayer, and close by singing a well-chosen religious hymn. In the course of a year he thus collected quite large sums of money, which, with the pension he received for his revolutionary services, he sent to his family, that was highly respectable, in Gardiner. They visited him often, and kept him supplied with all the necessaries and luxuries of life that the jailer was not authorized to provide for him.

During the most of his confinement it was his good fortune to have in the person of his keeper one of the most intelligent and kind-hearted men that ever blest the society of Augusta—Hon. Pitt Dillingham. McCausland regarded him as his father and friend. On one occasion Mr. Dillingham ventured to offer to take him out of his cell and conduct him into the square in front of the jail that he might once more see the glorious sun, the arching sky, the green earth and the dwelling-places of man which lined the street. His reply was characteristic:—"I cannot consent, sir, that you should thus transgress the laws on my account. Since I cannot go free, it is better I should stay where I am, for should I once more behold the beauties of the earth, I should only return less happy than I am now. No, sir, let me live and die in my cell."

At another time, however, Mr. Dillingham *did* prevail upon him to pass the door of his dungeon and accompany him into his private parlor. As he entered the room, his eyes stared fearfully upon the rich furniture; and finding himself before the mirror, he beheld his whole person so altered since he saw it last in early manhood, that he sank with a fainting sensation into a chair, and begged his kind assistant to conduct him as speedily as possible into his cell again. Mr. Dillingham died in July, 1829. It was a shock too severe for the aged prisoner to bear. It was a death-blow to him. Therefore he sank rapidly into the arms of death, and in a single month after followed his kind keeper into the spirit world.

Mrs. Carlyle.—Thomas Carlyle has directed the following inscription, composed by himself, to be placed upon his wife's tombstone. It will be remembered that she died suddenly some weeks since, whilst riding in her carriage in London. The inscription is characteristic of Carlyle, and reads: "Here likewise now rests Jane Welsh Carlyle, spouse of Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London. She was born at Haddington, 14th July, 1801; only child of the above John Welsh and Grace Welsh, of Craiglegell, Dumfriesshire, his wife. In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft invincibility, a clearness of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out."

The Public Men of Ohio.—General Sherman said in a recent speech, he thought that Ohio had been inclined to ignore the rights of her natives to the partiality of foreigners. He said that he once wrote a very strong communication to the Governor of Ohio, recommending Phil Sheridan for the vacant colonelcy of some Ohio regiment, but a scheming politician received the appointment.

Before the war commenced Grant, McPherson or he could not have secured in Ohio the office of a constable, while foreigners occupied all kinds of public offices. General Ord remarked that he presumed the people saw that they had not the ability to fill such an office. Sherman rejoined that he believed they would have done pretty well if they had only tried them. But Ohio was doing better now.

Butter Making.—A machine for making butter, just announced among the new inventions in the English patent office, consists of a movable metal cylinder suspended from a small cast-iron frame. The bottom of the cylinder is a loose piece of galvanized iron, and above this it is perforated by a number of small holes. This cylinder is suspended in a bowl of water, and the cream is placed in the cylinder and pressed by a screw piston, the result of which is that the butter is forced through the holes into the water in the shape of vermicelli. By this means all the buttermilk is excluded, and the butter is found to be much closer and sweeter than when made by hand.

Columbus Outdone.—The problem with which Columbus perplexed the Spanish Court is just now perplexing the newspapers in Manchester, England. The editors are discussing the subject of standing eggs on end without breaking the shells, and one writer avers that it can be done. He says if the egg is shaken for five or ten minutes the white is rendered more fluid, and when the egg is set upright sinks to the lower end. If the egg is held until the yolk has time to displace the white, it may be made to stand upright on any smooth, level surface.

☞ Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie lost her all by her husband's investment in Confederate bonds, and the failure of her voice by bronchitis puts the stage out of the question.

☞ From drawings in the Egyptian tombs, and from objects found in them, it appears that expert glass-blowers abounded in Egypt two thousand years B. C.

Lessons Should be Short.

Long lessons are unfavorable to real progress in study. I watched daily for many weeks the course pursued in some of the best gymnasia in Germany. Nothing was more surprising, at first, than the shortness of the lessons. All through the early part of every course of study, the daily task seemed almost ridiculously short. Yet I soon became convinced that these short tasks were better than longer ones. In the first place, the short lessons were perfectly learned; everything about every word. In language, for example, the pupil was ready to give every new verb of his lesson in every required mode and tense, number and person, and every new noun and adjective in every required case in both numbers. Then the words of to-day's lessons were combined with those of yesterday's and those of every previous day; sentences innumerable were made, so that the exercise became a review of everything previously studied. Then the thought of the lesson became a subject of conversation, and, as this had been anticipated, many bright and ingenious things were often said. By these processes, the substance of the day's lesson was incorporated with the previous furniture of the mind; just as, in scientific road making, the new metal, as it is called, when skilfully applied in sufficiently small quantities and in a moist season, becomes speedily incorporated with the material of the old roadbed, and forms a substantial and permanent foundation for a good way.

Every new lesson thus becomes an occasion for observation and inquiry, and for new and pleasant thought. The observant teacher knows that the progress of a pupil is not measured by the ground travelled over, but by the number of clear thoughts perfectly mastered and combined with previous attainments, so as to form part of the permanent furniture of the mind. Exactness and thoroughness are the essential things, and these are possible only with easy lessons quickly and joyously learned, and made a part of the mind's stock by frequent and faithful reviews.—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

☞ Abraham Lincoln—cousin of the late President—is an itinerant peddler residing in Harrison county, Indiana. He bears a strong resemblance in form and feature to his relative, and relates anecdotes.

☞ Germinating Power of Corn.—More than thirty years since a lady living in Maine heard a discussion in relation to how long the germinating principle in corn would continue good. She selected a nice ear of corn, and planted a few kernels from it every year for thirty years. Every year for twenty-nine years the corn grew and flourished, but the thirtieth year it failed to come up or sprout.

☞ Any one would suppose that the employment of sewing was the most peaceful and quiet occupation in the world, and yet it is absolutely horrifying to hear ladies talk about stilettos! bodkins! gatherings! hemmings! gorings! cuttings! whipping! lacings! cuffings! and basings! What a list of abominables.

☞ To Clean Ivory.—The only safe way to clean ivory is to wash it well with a brush in soap and cold water, and after drying it partially, to place it in the sun for some time.

☞ A young preacher who had just started in his travels as an itinerant, was one evening holding forth on the Deluge, and after describing the manner in which Noah built the Ark, and filled it with animals of every kind, by pairs, closed in a solemn tone, thus: "You must know, my dear hearers, that it was an arduous task for Noah and his sons to get a *pair of whales into the Ark.*"

☞ Query—Can a man who trades at wholesale and retail be accused of double-dealing?

Holloway's Pills.—Bilious Fever.—This dangerous disease is immediately nipped in the bud by a timely use of these anti-febrile and corrective medicines; they purify the secretions of the liver, renovate the stomach, and cleanse the blood. Thousands who would have sunk beneath the violence of this fever have been restored to health by the use of these remedies after all other means had failed. Sold by all Druggists, at 25c., 62c., and $1 per box.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been very dull. About 8500 bbls sold in lots mostly to the retailers and bakers, at prices ranging from $8@8,75 ₱ bbl for superfine; $9@10,25 for extra; $11@12 for low grade and fancy northwest family; $11,50@14 for Pennsylvania and Ohio do, and $ 5@17 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour—Small sales are making at $6 25@6,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal—300 bbls Pennsylvania sold on private terms.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat is limited—12,000 bus new Delaware sold at from $2,75@2 85; 1000 bus New Jersey at $2,80; 8000 bus old red sold in lots at from $2 60@2,85, according to quality, and 5000 bus spring Wheat at $2 40@2,45 ₱ bus. Rye—2000 bus Pennsylvania sold at $1,10@1,20 ₱ bus. Corn—30,000 bus Western mixed sold at 95@96c, and 8000 bus prime yellow at 96@97½c ₱ bus. Oats—Sales of 20,000 bus Western at 50@53c, mostly at 52c; 11,000 bus light Pennsylvania at 62@63c, and small lots of Delaware at 70c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing. Small sales are making at $32,50@33 ₱ bbl for new Mess Pork, 20@20c ₱ lb for Bacon Hams, 19@21c pickled do, 16@16½c for salt Shoulders, 22½@23c for prime Lard, and 22@23c ₱ lb for Butter as to quality. Cheese—Sales of new New York at 19@20c. Eggs are selling at 23@25c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market has been very dull; about 900 bales middlings sold, in lots, at 36@38c ₱ lb, the latter rate for New Orleans.

BARK—Small sales of 1st No 1 Quercitron are reported at $34 to 35 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—Small sales of yellow are making at 39 to 40c ₱ lb.

COAL continues in good demand at the late advance. Cargo sales are making at $6@6,25 for White Ash, and $6@6,50 ₱ ton for Red Ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Small sales are making at 75@80c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples are selling at $5@7 ₱ bbl. Dried Apples, the stock is very near exhausted.

GROCERIES—Coffee continues dull, and we hear of no sales worthy of notice. Sugar is without change. 70 hhds of Cuba sold at 11½c; 20 boxes of No 2 at 11½c, and 30 hhds Porto Rico at 12½@13½c ₱ lb, currency.

LUMBER—Delaware Sap Boards sell at $22@25; Virginia at $30, and North Carolina Flooring Boards at $35 ₱ M feet.

PLASTER—Soft is quoted at $4,50 ₱ ton.

RICE—Small sales of Rangoon are making at 9½@10½c ₱ lb, as to quality.

SEEDS—Cloverseed; small sales of prime are reported at $7@7,50 ₱ 64 lbs. Flaxseed is in demand at $3 40@3,50 ₱ bus. Timothy is quoted at $5@5,50 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum sells in a small way at $3,50@3,55 ₱ gallon. Whiskey; small sales of city are making at $2,25@2,26 for Penna, and $2 25@2,30 ₱ gallon for Ohio.

TALLOW—Sales of city rendered are making at 12½@12½c, and country at 11½@11½c ₱ lb.

WOOL—The market is less active; about 275,000 lbs sold, in lots at prices ranging from 47@70c for extra, 65@67c for fine, 61@65c for medium, 55@56c for coarse, 58@65c for tub washed and 45@50c ₱ lb for No 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from 17@17½c ₱ lb. 250 Cows brought from $50 to 70 ₱ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 6@6½c ₱ lb. 20,00 Hogs sold at from $13,50@14,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The July number opens with an unusually handsome and suggestive engraving called "The Distressed Bachelor." In the Fashion Plate, tasteful and attractive as usual, is a charming bridal dress. Then there is a wood cut of many piquant faces illustrating "The Hair," "The Pontatilde Veil," "Zouave Jacket," and a plate consisting of seven figures of ladies and children, showing the newest and prettiest of the Summer Fashions. Music—"Idora Schottish." Among the stories are "The Distressed Bachelor;" "Pauline Beranger's Story," by Una Locke; the conclusion of "Sybil Ainsworth," by Harris Byrne; "The Boy and the Man," by Aunt Alice; and an interesting biographical sketch of Madame Roland, called forth by some recent discoveries. The poetry is by Maggie C. Pyburn, Emily Lester Leigh, Una Locke, J. T. Tutwiler, J. C. T., and others. The Toilet Novelties and Work Table are as usual profusely illustrated; and in the Editor's Department are Book Notices, Receipts, meeting the wants of the season, descriptions of Fashions, &c. Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 8 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. Specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

IMPORTANT TRADE MARK CASE IN CANADA.

Before J. C. Taché, acting in the absence of the Minister of Agriculture.

Tried at Ottawa, C. W., March 21 and 22, 1866.

This suit was brought by Messrs. Perry Davis & Son, of Providence, R. I., U. S. A., to procure for themselves the enregistration of the words "*Pain Killer*" as their Trade Mark in the Trade Marks Register of Canada, Lymans, Clare & Co., of Montreal, C. E., having previously obtained the enregistration of "*Lyman's Universal Pain Killer*" as their trade mark.

To sustain their claim of exclusive right to the words "Pain Killer," Perry Davis & Son brought proof that the sale of their medicine was already established in 1839, and their labels "Pain Killer" printed in considerable quantity in 1840. Also, the records of several courts in the United States in which this claim was sustained against persons using the term "Pain Killer" as a *part* of the name of similar preparations, as early as 1848.

It was claimed by Lymans, Clare & Co., that the term "Pain Killer," before its adoption by Perry Davis & Son, was a common term, like "Embrocation," "Liniment," "Lotion," and other similar well known words, and to adopt it as a trade mark could not constitute an exclusive right to its use.

Dr. Taché having listened attentively to the proofs and arguments on both sides, entered into a very full explanation of the law as applicable to the case, showing what constituted a trade mark, and what an infringement on the same, and in closing said, "Both Trade Marks having been attentively examined by me, I decide that the Trade Mark in question consists in the words 'Pain Killer,'"—and ordered the cancellation of Lymans, Clare & Co.'s Trade Mark, in the Trade Marks Register, and the entry of Perry Davis & Son's in the same. jy14-2t

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If so, use

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PURGE OUT THE MORBID HUMORS of the blood by a dose or two of AYER'S PILLS, and you will have clearer heads as well as bodies jy14-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of June, by the Rev. P. S. Henson, Mr. WILLIAM C. ARNOT to Miss EMILY YOUNG, both of this city.

On the 1st of April, by the Rev. J. B. Maddux, Mr. C. H. SNYDER to Miss MARTHA CHESTERMAN, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Haire, Mr. MARK RANYAN to Miss CAROLINE SPELL, both of this city.

On the 24th of June, by the Rev. Conrad Houser, HARRY A. GRABLE to AUGUSTA TIETZ, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, Mr. HENRY H. HAIGH to Miss JOSEPHINE L. HOGAN, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. DAVID T. CLINCKE to Miss SALLIE A. SYERS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, CHRISTIAN SNYDER, in his 75th year.

On 1st-day, 8th instant, HANNAH SCULL, aged 71 years.

On the 8th instant, JOHN A. BERTRON, in his 23d year.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE SCHAFFER, aged 43 years.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. ESTHER LAUBENING, in her 62d year.

On the 7th instant, Dr. JOSEPH P. HARVEY, in his 30th year.

On the 6th instant, Mr. FRANCIS FENTON, in his 45th year.

On the 6th instant, SARAH J. CRAWFORD, aged 31 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. PRISCILLA BARNHURST, aged 75 years.

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FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The Seventeenth Annual Session will commence Oct. 15th, 1866. For further particulars, address the Secretary, Mrs. E. H. CLEAVELAND, M. D., at the College, North College Avenue, and 22d St., Philadelphia.

ANN PRESTON, M. D.,
jy21-3t-1w-aug-sep Dean of the Faculty.

MEDICAL COLLEGE.—UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.—Session of 1866-'67.

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jy21-2t

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On page 473 of Parrish's Pharmacy it is said of the essential ingredients that enter into the composition of the AZUMEA, "That many dyspeptics who cannot tolerate fresh light cakes when raised with yeast, can eat them with impunity when raised in this way;" and in view of the healthfulness of the ingredients, recommends their general use.

The Azumea makes the finest BREAD, BISCUIT, ROLLS, CAKE, DOUGHNUTS, PIE-CRUST, DUMPLINGS, PUDDING, &c., possible; *recipes for which can be had together with a sample by sending a stamped envelope, with full address of applicant thereon.* Bread is made in the simplest manner. It has the following advantages over yeast or fermented bread:—It can be made and baked in one hour from the time of first handling the flour, it will be moist and pleasant to eat four days after baking; it is easy of digestion, excellent for persons suffering from dyspepsia; retains all gluten, starch and sugar contained in the flour; and therefore produces 1 lb. 12 oz. of bread from 1 lb. 4 oz. of flour, while yeast produces only 1 lb. 9 oz. of bread from 1 lb. 4 oz. of flour, thus obtaining about 27 lbs. more of bread from a barrel of flour, which, with the saving of yeast, will about balance the cost of the Azumea.

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WILL CURE

Debility! Debility!

Resulting from any cause whatever.

H

PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM

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Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.

OR

DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.

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Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O

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And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,

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This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

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We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

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HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF

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AND

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L

REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,

W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 234 Shackamaxon St.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.

Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.

Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
936 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No 35 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D. D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church.

Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.

These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

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☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

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Withered and Whitened,

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YOUTHFUL ATTRACTIONS,

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Grizzled whiskers and moustaches, ladies' curls into which the snow of age has prematurely drifted, and red, sandy, or whitey-brown hair, receive, as if by magic, the rarest shades of black or brown from this harmless botanical hair darkener.

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take all impure matters from the circulation, and save the general health, soon curing local affections also. BRANDRETH'S PILLS protect from tedious times of sickness and often save life. Sold by all Druggists. jy7-2teow

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Dutch Reasoning.

A drunken Dutchman was recently arrested by a saloon-keeper and sued for "unpaid drinks." He scorned the advice of counsel, or assistance of attorneys, and delivered himself for the edification of the court of the following ingenious plea:

"May it please your honor! To borrow is the first principle of nature. Does not the river borrow from the brook, and the ocean from the river? Does not the cloud borrow from the air, and the earth from the clouds? Does not the moon borrow her light from the sun, and the night borrow it again from the moon? Was not man taken from the earth and his 'fraw' borrowed from his side? Since, then, all nature has established this grand system of Universal credit, why should not man, made in the image of God, have a natural claim on the credit system? And since the mighty ocean is not ashamed to borrow of the puny river, why, then, should not a lean 'bummer' borrow from a fat bar-keeper? Now, your honor knows the feeble-lighted moon never returns the borrowed light to the sun, why then should a poor beer-drinker pay a rich beer-seller? It is contrary to natural law, it is an absurdity. But what does the river do when it has borrowed too much from the brooks and streams? It runs away. Nature, then, has set me an example. I will follow it and run away."

And before the sheriff could reach him, he had cleared the court-house and was out of reach. The most ingenious way to get drinks cheap, surely!

A Bit of a Sliver.

California has long been celebrated for "big things," animal and vegetable, and the following adds to the list:—

Before Justice F——s, at San Juan, Nevada county, was brought a Hibernian, charged with assault and battery upon a fellow-countryman. Many witnesses were examined; and, finally, Jimmy C—— was called to the stand.

"Mr. C——, state what you know about this case."

"Well, your honor, Barney and Patrick had a bit of quarrel about some wood they had been cutting. They were standing near the wood-pile in front of the house, and after jawing a little, Barney picked up a bit of a sliver, and give Patrick a little tap on the head, and he went over on to the wood-pile—and that was all there was about it."

Justice F——.—"You say Barney hit Patrick on the head with a bit of a sliver. What kind of a sliver was that?"

"Well, your honor, 'twas a small thing—a bit of a chip."

"But we want to know how big it was; give us your idea of about the size of it."

"Well, your honor, (after some hesitation,) I think it was about two feet long, and about as big round as my wrist!"

Making an Exception.

Foot, the comedian, travelling in the west of England, dined one day at an inn. When the cloth was removed the landlord asked him how he liked his fare? "I have dined as well as any man in England," said Foote. "Except Mr. Mayor," cried the landlord. "I do not except anybody whatever," said he. "But you must," bawled the host. "I won't." "You must" At length the strife ended by the landlord (who was a petty magistrate) taking Foote before the mayor, who observed it had been customary in that town, for a great number of years, always to except the mayor, and accordingly find him a shilling for not conforming to this ancient custom. Upon this decision, Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing that he thought the landlord the greatest fool in Christendom—except Mr. Mayor.

A BRIGHT JUSTICE.—Some years ago, when Justices of the Peace had jurisdiction over cases where the amount involved did not exceed two hundred dollars, there lived a Squire in the coast range of California. A sued B before him on a note for four hundred dollars. B posted up to the next town and consulted a "limb of the law," S——. "We'll go down and throw him out of court on 'no jurisdiction,'" said S——. The day for trial came, and B and his attorney were on hand. Just to see how far he would go, S—— let him enter judgment against him, and then called his attention to the fact of "no jurisdiction." "Ah, yes," said his Honor, "Mr. S——, the Court has thought of that, and discovered a remedy. The Court enters judgment against your client for four hundred dollars, and issues *two* executions for two hundred dollars each!" And he did it.

A QUEER MISTAKE.—At La Crosse, Wisconsin, I visited, last Sabbath afternoon, a Sunday school. At the close of the exercises the well-known chant commencing—

"My head is anointed with oil, and my cup is full,"

was given out. The school rose and commenced singing. Near me sat a tall fellow with a voice loud and deep, but certainly not very melodious, who astonished me by roaring out, in a manner to drown all the efforts of the children around him—

"My head is anointed with oil, and my cup is full."

LOVE'S LIMITATIONS.—*Papa*—"So, Charley, you really are in love with the little black-eyed girl you met last night?"

Charley.—"Yes, papa, I love her dearly."

Papa.—"How much do you love her, Charley? Do you love her as much as pudding?"

Charley.—"Oh, yes, papa! and a great deal better than pudding; but—(pausing to reflect) I do not love her—so much as—Jelly."

☞ The Rev. Paul Hamilton, on receiving the presentation to the church and parish of Broughton, near Edinburgh, preached a farewell sermon to the ladies of Ayr; and, not a little to the surprise of his fair auditory, gave out his text—"And they fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him."

☞ At a prayer meeting recently held not far from New Haven, an earnest brother whose zeal surpassed his intelligence, offered this petition:—"O, Lord, have mercy on us poor miserable sinners, of which I am the chiefest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely."

QUITE SUPERFLUOUS.

STOUT PASSENGER (obstreperously).—"Hoy! hoy! hoy!!"
BUS DRIVER.—"All right, sir, we can see yer, sir; we can see yer with the naked eye, sir!"

Americans Abroad.

London must be a "hard" place to live in or to get a "living" in, if we credit the statements of the editor of the Anglo-American Times, who gives some advice to his young countrymen in these words:—"The editor of this journal can count up more than twenty applications which have been made to this office during the past month by Americans who have 'come to grief,' and who require assistance to enable them to return home. We learn, on the best authority, that the United States Consul in London—whose purse-strings are always open to the deserving of his countrymen—is harassed to an extent entirely beyond his means, with similar applications, and in many instances the applicants are really deserving of assistance." * * * "London is a great city, a gay city, a pleasant city, a wonderful city, to the man who has money in his pocket or friends around him; but to the foreigner, without money or friends, it is, unquestionably, the very worst place in the world. Land a 'live Yankee' on the Mosquito coast, or in Japan, or in Terra del Fuego, or even place him alone, and without resources, on an iceberg in the polar sea, and he will probably work his way out of his difficulty. But set him down in London, with neither friends nor money, and all his cuteness will not save him from starvation."

☞ It is often better to have a great deal of harm to happen than a little; a great deal may rouse you to remove what a little will only accustom you to endure.

☞ An exchange says that "in the absence of both editors the publisher had succeeded in securing the services of a *gentleman* to edit the paper that week."

☞ By annihilating the desires, you annihilate the mind. Every man without passion has within him no principle of action or motive to act.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA FARMING.

If a paragraph or two that we are going to jot down should be so unfortunate as to cross the Atlantic eastwardly, how some of our cousins over there will make mouths at the declaration now to them, that there is farming equal to any other in America, aye, or in Europe either, carried on within the corporate limits of the second city on this continent—not amateur fancy farming in miniature patches, but real, practical out-door agriculture, in hundred and more than hundred acre farms, and fifteen and twenty acre meadows, wheat, corn, rye and potato fields.

No need to go so far abroad either to find skeptics and agricultural knownothings. Nineteenth of all the live Bostonians and New Yorkers that know several hundred other things sharp, would laugh at the idea of stock and grain and dairy farming within the city limits, and it is probable that there are in Philadelphia itself to-day, several times seven thousand persons who have never even heard that some of the very best farming in the United States is carried on in the city of Philadelphia itself.

If any doubt that such is the fact, and feel willing to better inform themselves, let them take in the old "York Turnpike," in a cosy covered vehicle affording shelter from the broiling sun, but having an unobstructed lookout, and then jog leisurely north, having eyes always open and ideas agriculturally bent.

At about the third mile, there begins to be grain and grass farms taking the place of "truck" patches, growing better, and better cultivated as you progress, until at about the sixth and seventh miles one may find farms and farming that any agricultural region ought to be proud of. Perhaps they are a trifle proud along there, but boasting and display are not characteristics of Quaker farmers.

Approaching Branchtown on the left hand side, Pierce Butler fences you out from view whatever there may be worth looking at within, with a massive penitentiary looking wall and a hedge on the top of it, and beyond the hedge close rows of maples that effectually shut out all prospect in that direction. On the right, Mr. Samuel Morton, nothing selfish or exclusive, presents us a hundred acre farm front, equal in beauty, and the farm itself equal in productiveness, to any other hundred acres between Delaware and Dacotah.

On the 3d day of July we circumnavigated two wheat fields on this farm, both fronting on the turnpike, and if there are or have been this year, any where in the United States, two finer, cleaner, handsomer standing fields of wheat, let us hear from them. In a close search we could find in those fields nothing but wheat, and very likely wheat it was, too. Mediterranean red stem, (*blue stem* popularly, though why is more than we know) standing as evenly as ever wheat grew, averaging over five feet in height, ripe and ready for the reaper, every head well filled, the grain heavy and plump, and not a trace of a solitary weevil or any other wheat pest to be found.

Beyond the wheat fields, and fronting on the "pike" also, is a field of corn worth a pilgrimage of fifty miles to look at. We are a "six-footer," custom house measurement, and on the aforesaid 3d day of July inst., we passed over, round and through that field, finding the corn everywhere standing evenly, very stout, very dark green, and up to our ears without stretching a blade or the truth an atom.

Then there was a field of rye, six feet and over in altitude, as clean, heavy a crop as the wheat—two large fields of potatoes growing luxuriantly, the vines quite covering the ground, green and beautiful, no sign of bug, rot or sunburn, and already making famous tubers.

The hay made on this farm the present season though not more than an average yield, is extraordinary in quality, and cured and got under cover in a very superior condition. It is apparent enough to any practiced eye that Mr. Mingen, the practical commander of the clover brigade on this model Philadelphia farm, is one of the three men in three thousand who understand thoroughly what is best to be done with the soil, and just how and when to do it.

There are a good many other good examples of Philadelphia farming almost within sight and hearing of the old State House dome and its big bell; but knowing the Morton farm better, and being permitted free liberty of range, we make it an example for other farmers to pattern by and "go and do likewise."

PURE PRIME BUTTER.

We are using every day through this sweltering July dog-day weather, with the mercury always up among the nineties—using butter that stands alone, independent of ice, day after day the whole week through—the same pound print, or what remains of it, until utterly consumed—pure, prime butter to the last. There are but two of us to eat, and we are but moderate butter eaters as will be seen; but we like that which is good, and from our dairy marketman we get it—a pound print every Saturday. There is no need to advertise him. There is a regular run on his butter bank. He could not supply another half-pound print if all Philadelphia knew and besieged him for butter every Saturday. But his practice may profit others—both producers and consumers; so we give it briefly as we have seen it practised:—

To make good butter, there must be good milk, and to obtain that of the best, the cows, nine in number come in fresh, one at a time once a month, then summer and winter they are fed with corn and oats ground together—less in summer and more in winter of course; but always corn and oats ground. In all warm weather the cows are milked mornings, early before they move about, get heated and heat their milk; evenings, late, after they get cool. Earthen, well glazed pans are used—eight-quart pans, set half full. The pans are well scalded and sunned every day. Milk will sour too soon in tin pans after a few weeks' use, no matter how much you may scald them. Sour milk gives sour cream, and that will *never* make pure, prime butter.

Our man keeps his milk sweet till skimmed, and the cream sweet and cool till churned. He repudiates thermometers and hot water, and says such butter as his cannot be churned in fifteen minutes. Forty-five minutes, with a dasher churn is his rule, and the butter is on hand always in about that time. Then Mrs. D—— takes it in hand, and *by* hand manipulates and prepares it for market. Her rule is perfect sweetness—immaculate cleanliness in everything—and invariably to make pure, prime butter.

Now as bad butter is a universal abomination confined to no particular locality, we propose a universal remedy—a major-general-anti-bad-butter-league. Let all purchasers pitch into hucksters and dealers in bad butter, refusing to purchase rank, rancid grease, and then every publisher, editor, and newspaper writer everywhere, pitch into the manufacturers of bad butter earnestly, keeping up a continual fire of round shot and shell, and an era of better butter will be the result.

There will always be butter botches, and those who vend vile grease under the name of butter, but by keeping a vigorous force afield through a single campaign, we can drive all these that remain to the —— boarding-house keepers, who are their legitimate patrons.

DEAD DUCKS.

We don't mean political *quacks*, but the feathered broad-bills. A brood of young ducks are the most efficient sappers and miners that can be sent into a vegetable garden infested with slugs, bugs, and vermin generally. But don't turn in the ducklings among rose bushes infested with the real rose bug; else the ducks and you, too, will repent it. We have seen some experiments in that line made lately. Results disastrous—dead ducks. The young gluttons gobble down the bugs like corn; then the bugs in revenge bore through the duck's crops like a gimlet, and directly there will be a detachment of dead ducks flat on their backs.

To work up the rosebud rascals effectually better use one ounce spirits ammonia, one gill coal oil, one quart of buttermilk and a syringe. Shake up the ingredients thoroughly and squirt the liquid in among the bushwhackers. It will fetch every one an atom of it falls on; and the few that escape will double-quick out of that neighborhood.

RECEIPTS.

MODES OF DRESSING MUTTON CUTLETS.—*White Cutlets.*—Select the cutlets rather thicker than usual, beat them and lard them with bacon, rolled in pepper, salt, and spices. Put the cutlets into a pan with a little melted butter, brown them slightly, and trim them. Having lined a stewpan with slices of veal and bacon, adding two carrots cut in pieces, three onions, two cloves, a bayleaf, and a little thyme; lay the cutlets on this, cover them with bacon, pour on them a ladelful of stock, and let the cutlets simmer in this for about two hours. Take them out, drain and glaze them; arrange them round the dish standing up against each other with the bones uppermost, putting stewed cucumbers in the centre. *Cotelettes à la Pompadour.*—Cut the cutlets from the neck of mutton and make them of a neat shape. Finely chop some parsley, eschalot, and mushroom, and let them simmer for a short time with a little butter, pepper, salt, and a squeeze of lemon, and then stir in quickly the yolks of two eggs. Into this mixture dip the cutlets, and then into bread crumbs, arranging the edges neatly with a knife; place them on the cutlet pan with oiled butter, and fry of a nice light brown; press them with a clean cloth to extract the fat, dish them as before described, and serve with brown cucumber sauce. *Cotelettes à la Laitue.*—Dress the cutlets in the same manner as the last described, glaze them, and dish them alternately with glazed lettuce, and add a rich stock gravy. *Cotelettes à l'Italienne.*—Prepare the cutlets still in the same way, dipping them into oiled butter, and then into bread crumbs. Broil them, and serve them with the following sauce: Shred small some lemon, parsley, thyme, and mushrooms in a stew pan, with a little butter and a clove of garlic. Set it on a moderate fire, and when the butter begins to fry add a little very strong stock, and let it stew until tolerably thick. Remove the garlic, add butter sauce and a little lemon juice. *Cotelettes aux Légumes.*—Lightly fry the cutlets in clarified butter, glaze them, squeeze a little lemon juice over them, and a sprinkling of cayenne and salt. Dish them, and in the centre serve a sauce of peas, asparagus, and button onions.

FRITTERS.—Take bananas or pine apple. Cut in slices. The batter is made of flour, water and salt. Two whites of eggs are beaten to a stiff froth and mixed with the batter. Dip the slices of fruit in it and fry in fat. When fried turn into a colander. Can be made with any kind of fruit in the same way. The taste of the batter may be improved by adding a little liquor.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—1 lb. of fruit in a china bowl, pour on it one quart best white wine vinegar; next day strain the juice on to 1 lb. of fresh fruit, the same the following day; don't squeeze the fruit, drain it through a sieve, the last time pass it through a canvas wet with vinegar; 1 lb. of sugar to every pint of juice, stir it when melted, put the jar into a saucepan of water, let it simmer and skim it; when cold bottle it. The fruit, with an equal quantity of sugar, makes excellent raspberry cakes without boiling.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—For one pint of cream use an ounce of gelatin with one gill of water. Stir the cream till it is thick. Add ten tablespoonsful of sugar and stir. Pour into the mould, having previously lined the bottom and sides with sponge cake cut in long and narrow strips. Put it in a cool place for a few minutes. It will then be cold enough to turn. Turn on a plate. The gelatin is used generally to stick the pieces of cake together. Do not flavor rich cream. It is much better without flavoring.

STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKES.—Into three pints of flour rub, dry, two teaspoons heaping full of cream tartar; add half a teacup of butter, a little salt, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a pint of milk and water. Mix quickly and thoroughly, roll to an inch in thickness, and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Take a quart of strawberries, and add cream and sugar to make a sauce. For this purpose small-sized, rather acid berries, with sprightly flavor, are preferable.

When the short-cake is done, divide it in three layers, butter them, and spread the strawberries between. Eat while warm.

STRAWBERRY DUMPLINGS.—Crust to be made the same as directed for short-cake; roll half an inch thick; put about a gill of strawberries for each dumpling. Bake, steam or boil half an hour.

THE BEST WHITEWASH.—Mr. Uriah Ritchie, well known in Boston as a master builder, and a man of great experience, gives the following receipt for whitewashing. Mr. Ritchie is a practical and successful mechanic in the broadest sense, and after having made many experiments, in the art of whitewashes, he comes to the following conclusions:

1st. For rough outside walls, those exposed to the weather, the best mixture is clear lime and water. Any animal or vegetable substance added, diminishes the adhesion and durability of the wash.

2d. If the wall is hard and smooth, the wash is improved by a mixture of very fine sand, as much as will mix and can be applied.

3d. For inside walls an addition of a little glue, say a quarter of a pound to three pailsful, increase the adhesion. If it is desired to have the walls very white, the white of eggs may be used in the place of the glue.—*Scientific American.*

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 15, 16, 27, 22, 19, 10, 4, 9, was a gallant officer in the Revolutionary war.
My 25, 6, 3, 18, is a capital in Asia.
My 11, 9, 14, 21, is a capital in South America.
My 25, 26, 7, 2, 17, was a wise reformer.
My 24, 12, 23, is what we all need.
My 16, 1, 2, 18, is a river in Austria.
My 3, 4, 5, 22, 6, is a river in Saxe.
My 20, 9, 1, 20, is not low.
My whole was a general in the war of 1812.

T. S. CUMMINGS.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 1, 10, 4, 1, 5, should be displayed by all.
My 2, 5, 10, 1, 2, is an open plain.
My 4, 7, 8, 6, is a token.
My 5, 6, 8, 7, 6, 5, is a part of a steam-ship.
My 3, 10, 9, 3, 6, 8, is a sinful employment.
My whole you will know when you find it out.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in place, and always in rain.
My second is in lace, and also in plain.
My third is in ice, and always in fire.
My fourth is in dice, and also in admire.
My fifth is in greenbacks, but never in gold.
My whole is a pretty name I've often been told.

Palenville, N. Y. ALIDA CARNWRIGHT.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A fly was observed to light upon a cylindrical bar of iron the length of which is 5 feet, the bar standing in a horizontal position. At what point should a boy strike the bar of iron with a hammer to jar the fly the most?

J. M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four persons, A, B, C, and D, each staked a dollar to play for at dice, the game to be 40; when A had got 20, B 15, C 13, and D 10, they agreed to quit and divide the money according to the chance each *then* had of winning. What part of the money ought each to have?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What fraction is that which by having its square subtracted from it, will give 8-9 of a maximum?

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is that which we often see made, but never see after it is done? Ans.—A bow.

☞ Why is a drunken man like a windmill? Ans.—His head turns round.

☞ What is that which is neither flesh nor bone, and yet has four fingers and a thumb? Ans.—A glove.

☞ What is the height of folly? Ans.—Spending your last shilling to buy a purse.

☞ Why is a percussion-cap like death? Ans.—Because it's a *detonator*, (debt o' nature.)

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—America. BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"A gift in secret pacifieth anger."

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of April 21st—148, 154 and 165 perches. A. Martin.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of May 19th—1024 yards. W. H. Morrow. 86264-112 5 square yards. J. M. Greenwood. 1,005,-568,003,6889 square yards. J. S. Allen.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of May 20th—½. A. Martin.

Answer to H. R. Spink's PROBLEM of May 26th—14,4874 feet. H. R. Spink, 14,5104 feet. J. M. Greenwood. 14,3616 feet. S. C. Bond.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM of same date—1560787283801, 8025828748880 and 12103314995520. Morgan Stevens.

Answer to Junior's PROBLEM of May 26th—80 barrels. David Diefenbach; J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to S. Horace G.'s PROBLEM of same date—41 050324 square inches. S. H. G. and D. 14,035024 square inches. J. M. Greenwood.

☞ THE EXTINGUISHMENT OF FIRE IN CHIMNEYS.—The following is given as the best plan for the extinguishment of fire in chimneys:—Should your chimney catch fire do not fear; keep water and salt away, as it is dangerous, and may blow up your chimney, but have ready two heaping tablespoonfuls of sulphur, put it in your stove, close the outlets and drafts of the chimney, and in less than two minutes the fire will be extinguished, and your chimney will be clean as a whistle.

☞ The word "shanty," now so much used in our daily conversation, is a corruption of the French noun *chiente*—a dog-kennel.

☞ He who respects and holds his word sacred himself will have it respected and trusted by others.

☞ A French writer says there are but four great social ideas, viz: Birth, Marriage, Paris and Death.